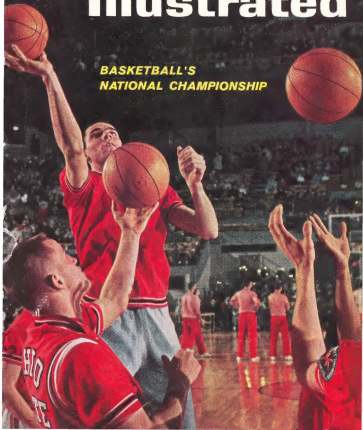


Sports Illustrated

MARCH 27, 1961 25 CENTS

**BASKETBALL'S
NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP**



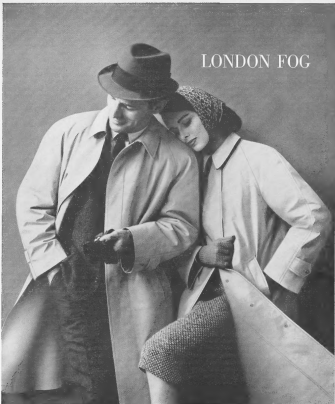


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as a chop stroke.

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even the loser
leap over the net.

Gin is a Gimlet is also superb.
Recipe: 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka to
1 part Rose's Lime Juice, over ice,
in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



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Next week

Olympic Yachting Champion George O'Day demonstrates the tricky art of handling a gliding boat, the world's fastest sailing craft. The first installment of a two-part series.

From the Wind River Indian Reservation in Wyoming, Barbara Helman brings a most unusual story of a youthful basketball player, a mission school, a perplexing problem.

The Mustang, this year celebrating its 25th anniversary tournament, presents Arnold Palmer, Ken Venturi and Sam Snead, and asks its annual question—who will win?



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COMING EVENTS

March 24 to March 30

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Friday, March 24

- BASKETBALL**
NBA, Junior Championship, Boston (through March 25).
- BASKETBALL** (college)
NCAA, southeast, university division, Kansas City, Mo.
- BOAT SHOW**
National Boat Show, Chicago (through April 2).
- BOXING**
NCAA, Chicago, Princeton, N.J. (also March 25).
- CARTING**
American Kart Race of Eckstam, Sebring, Fla.
- SKIDDING**
Hawthorne Cup, Sun Valley, Idaho (through March 28).

Saturday, March 25

- BASKETBALL** (college)
NCAA, South, university division, Kansas City, Mo.
- ★ National Invitation Tournament, First, Madison, Wis. (also, New York, 6 p.m. (NBC)).
- ★ NBA playoffs, 2 p.m. (NBC).
- BOXING**
Maine Title Fight, 10:00 p.m. (ABC).
- SKIDDING**
Fernandez vs. Figue, middle, 10 rds., Madison, Wis. (also, New York, 10 p.m. (ABC)).
- GOLF**
★ All-Star Golf series, Colling vs. De Vries, 3 p.m. in each time zone (ABC).
- HORSE SHOW**
Arizona Horse Layers' Club (opening show), Phoenix, Ariz. (also March 26).
- HUNT RACE MEETING**
Beverly Hills, Morning, Southern Pines, N.C.
- HORSE RACING**
Grand National Steeplechase, Aintree, England, John H. Campbell, Hurdles, \$100,000, Kempton, Handicaps, \$20,000, Aqueduct (Sports Network regional TV).
- WRESTLING**
Selecting 12-hour Endurance Race, Sebring, Fla.

Sunday, March 26

- BASKETBALL**
★ Sunday Sports Spectacular, "Paul Richards—Manager," 2:30 p.m. (CBS).
- BOXING**
Lipton Trophy Challenge series race, San Diego.
- SKIDDING**
★ Championship Bridge, Art Galt and Mickey Kaplan vs. Victor Kwong and Jim Neil Campbell, 4 p.m. (ABC).
- BOAT SHOW**
Boat Show, Kennel Club show, Indianapolis.
- WRESTLING**
NASCAR Atlanta "500," \$64,000, Atlanta.
- SKIDDING** (cont.)
Super Bowl International, \$1,000, London, Calif.

Monday, March 27

- GOLF**
Semi-finals Pro-Am, \$25,000, West Palm Beach, Fla. (also March 28).
- BOXING**
Good Neighbor Champs, Miami Beach, Fla. (through April 1).

Tuesday, March 28

- BASKETBALL** (college)
East-West All-Star game, Kansas City, Mo.

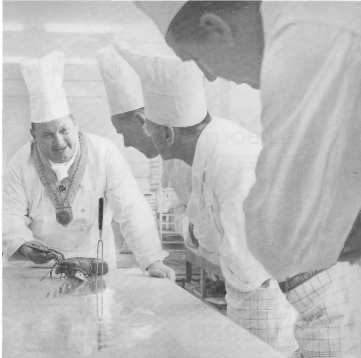
Wednesday, March 29

- BASKETBALL**
U.S. Open Amateur Championship, Long Beach, Calif. (through April 1).
- BOXING**
Golden Gloves Natl. Champs., Chicago.
- GOLF**
Natl. Intercollegiate Invitational, Houston (through April 1).

Thursday, March 30

- HORSE RACING**
Teagarden Trot, \$25,000, Yorkton.
- SKIDDING**
U.S. Senior Men's Endurance Champs., New Haven, Conn. (through April 1).

*One local listing.



Chef Edmund Dittler, photographed in the Lufthansa kitchen at Frankfurt/Main.

Board Meeting... Lufthansa Style

The Chairman of this Board is Chef Edmund Dittler, Director of Lufthansa's vast kitchens. In addition to many gold medals and honours garnered in international culinary competition, Chef Dittler wears the *Chaine des Rotisseurs*, a singular recognition in the exacting world of continental cuisine.

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DOG SHOW SCHEDULE

Major dog shows through April 15

MARCH 25

Dobberman Pinscher Club of Indiana, Bulldog Club of Indiana, Indiana Collie Club show (bench), Indianapolis.

German Shepherd Dog Club of Central Indiana show (unbench), Indianapolis.

MARCH 28

Dubuque Kennel Club show (unbench), Dubuque, Iowa.

Hoosier Kennel Club show (bench), Indianapolis.

Mahoning-Schenango Kennel Club show (bench), Youngstown, Ohio.

APRIL 1

Reserve Dachshund Club show (unbench), Cleveland.

APRIL 2

Western Reserve Kennel Club show (bench), Cleveland.

APRIL 7

Calm Terrier Club of America show (bench), Chicago.

Associated Specialties of Chicago show (unbench): Fox Terrier Club of Chicago, Great Lakos Poodle Club of Chicago, Chicago Bulldog Club, Fort Dearborn Basset Hound Club, Kerry Blue Terrier Club of Chicago, Great Lakos Pug Club, Mid-West Boxer Club, Western Pomeranian Club, Dachshund Club of America, Chicago Collie Club, Chicago.

Chicago Miniature Schnauzer Club show (unbench), Chicago.

APRIL 8-9

International Kennel Club of Chicago show (bench), Chicago.

APRIL 15

Wire Fox Terrier Club of the Central States show (unbench), Glendale, Ohio.

Boston Terrier Club of Greater Cincinnati, Ohio Valley Cocker Spaniel Club show (unbench), Cincinnati.

END



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[The chess problem above was worked out for us by George Koltanowski, Author and blindfold Chess Champion; White to play and mate in two moves. If you'd like to match wits with him fill out part two of the coupon below (or use another piece of paper); if not just stick to part 1. Either way it's your move.]

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Dear Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, California:

1 ☐ Please send me your booklet on table wines.

2 ☐ Here is my solution for Mr. Koltanowski: _____ I shall be delighted to receive his and his free brochure "100 Chess Traps" even if I'm wrong. I shall be even more delighted if my answer is among the first correct 10 checked after April 30, 1961 and I win a copy of Mr. Koltanowski's book "Adventures of a Chess Master"

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SCORECARD

POLITICAL FOXBALL

Not within memory has a sporting enterprise been attended by so much enmity, recrimination and confusion as New York City's effort to get a home built for its new ball club. Mayor Wagner's bill authorizing the city to raise money to build a stadium in Flushing Meadow Park was resoundingly rejected by the State Assembly—an upset that horrified Metropolitan Baseball Club officials and National League President Warren Giles, who had been promised a stadium would be built. Then, amid cries of "pressure" and "ouch," the bill was presented again and gunned through as at least 35 assemblymen had sudden changes of mind.

The timing was good because the club had just signed a president—former Yankee general manager George Weiss—and the rumor was that he might lure Casey Stengel away from his bank to manage the team. Since the legislature was about to adjourn, if the bill hadn't been passed the New York club might find itself in Toronto or Kodiak.

The Yankees, meanwhile, are not at all pleased that Weiss has accepted the new job, and Mayor Wagner, his legal problems far from over, continues to squabble with Comptroller Lawrence K. Geesma about the cost to the city of a stadium. It has become, as somebody pointed out, a political football.

We'd like to see a new stadium and a New York NL ball club. The stadium will have many uses (it may become the home of the football Titans), and a new ball club will help fill the vacuum left by the Giants and Dodgers. Too bad, though, that compared with Houston, where plans for 1962 in the big leagues are proceeding without a hitch, and cities like Milwaukee and L.A., which are wildly enthusiastic about their teams, N.Y. seems uncertain as to whether it wants a National League club or not. Maybe it doesn't deserve one.

TROTTING TROUBLES

The Pennsylvania State Harness Racing Commission met in Harrisburg last week to issue the four licenses for trotting tracks approved by the legislature and local option elections last year. The meeting lasted only 10 minutes, no applications for licenses were considered and none were granted. Instead, there will be another meeting on April 5.

Behind this delay is an attempt to thwart powerful politicians in the state who hope to gain a monopoly over Pennsylvania harness racing, with multimillion-dollar profits clearly in view. These interests had hoped to railroad through the commission a decision to issue only one license in the Philadelphia area. It is the same kind of scheme that led to harness racing scandals in New York and Illinois in the early 1960s.

Fortunately for Pennsylvanians, the commission chairman is Lawrence Sheppard (SI, April 18), a lifelong participant and official in the sport and a man of high and stubborn principle. Sheppard has been supported by Governor David Lawrence in his refusal to go along with the single-license idea. The delay in issuing licenses was arranged so that Sheppard could alert the two other commission members to the potential dangers of a monopoly situation in the sport.

But the battle is not yet won. If, on April 5, the commission grants only one license, the citizens of Pennsylvania are hereby warned that trotting trouble is brewing. And Lawrence Sheppard probably will resign in protest.

A FAR CRY FROM GAUGUIN

Tahiti makes one think of Paul Gauguin's colorful postimpressionist paintings, the mutiny on the *Boat*, Herman Melville's *Ovato*, and a grass skirt or two. By next May those who want to get away from it all and have the money will be able to reach the South Sea isle by jet, and by 1962

they will be able to live as if under the tent of Conrad Hilton.

Transports Aériens Intercontinentaux ran an experimental DC-3 jet flight from Los Angeles to Papeete March 5. Regular twice-a-week service begins in May, and the 4,156 statute miles will be covered nonstop in about eight hours, as compared with the 20½ hours (with a stopover at Honolulu) now required. Plane fares: L.A. to Papeete, \$1,822.40 first-class, \$754.20 economy (two-way). Jets will carry 28 first-class, 100 economy.

At the other end, John Vols, an enterprising southern California engineer and contractor, is planning the Riviera Tahitien in Taravao on Tahiti, two thirds of the way around the island from the capital city, Papeete. On 260 acres of rolling, mosquito-free land, Vols and two American partners intend to build this 200-room tourist hotel, with 50 cottages scattered around a nine-hole golf course. The project will cost about \$5 million. To attract sports-minded tourists, Vols plans to import or build deep-sea fishing cruisers. Dolphins, bonito and Allison tuna abound in Tahitian waters. Outrigger canoes for



racing or trolling will be available. On another 1,500 acres Vols's paying guests will be able to go horseback riding or to hunt wild boar, relaxing afterward in their Beverly Hills-type bungalows. Cost: \$500 a month for two-bedroom cottages, or leases on same for 30 years for \$25,000 in case you never want to go back to Hoboken.

Old beachcombers are fearful that two-a-week jet flights will make their lotus land look like a combination of Miami and Cannes. Polynesian natives now play a little muddy soccer, swim haphazardly, fish lazily or do

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SCORECARD continued

some quiet hoisting. Before long the word "lore" will get into their vocabulary, and many of them may within a few years be caddies, waiters and chauffeurs. You can't stop progress, and all you need is money to play Garguin de luxe.

HOLD THOSE BETS

A few days after the Caliente Future Book announced its first set of official odds on the May 6 Kentucky Derby, the publicity director for the Pimlico Race Course in Baltimore got out a news release. In it he quotes Jack Price, who—as the co-owner and trainer of the eastern Derby favorite—admits to having no scruples about overracing his horses if they bring in the money quickly: "His [Carry Back's] next start will be in the Fountain of Youth at Gulfstream Park on March 22 as a tune-up for the Florida Derby there on April 1.

"If he comes out of the Florida Derby O.K., we'll ship to New York to run in the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct on April 22 and, if he comes out of that all right, we will then ship to Louisville for the Kentucky Derby on May 6 and then to Baltimore for the Preakness at Pimlico on May 20.

"Carry Back usually comes out of his races ready to run right back, but if he should show any signs of needing a letup after the Florida Derby, we will skip the New York trip for the Wood and ship from Florida to Louisville for the Derby. On the other hand, if he should go to New York and come off that race tired, we will skip the Kentucky Derby and ship right to Maryland for the Preakness. That big purse is our main objective."

Caliente's Derby odds on Carry Back are 5 to 1. After the statement from Pimlico it would take a heroic bettor to accept such a price. It would exhaust a horse just to know these plans.

DOWNHILL UPMANSHIP

Last fall Willy Schaeffer resumed direction of the Denver University ski team, after two years' service as U.S. Olympic ski director. He found a neglected collection of individuals awaiting him. But Schaeffer, who considers losing a hanging offense, quickly bludgeoned his skiers into shape. To the surprise of everyone

but Willy, they ran off a string of western victories and climaxed the season by brilliantly winning the recent NCAA championships at Middlebury, Vt. The triumph, however, brought Willy few pats on the back.

"He has a fine team, only they don't speak English," said one eastern rival, referring to the five Norwegians who registered at Denver with the help of the Oslo ski federation.

"He wrote the rules," grumped another official, "and when he doesn't like something, he says it's a misprint."

All this sounded like the old Apfelstrudel to German-born Schaeffler, who doesn't lie awake nights worrying about friendship.

"Yes, I antagonize people, and I know it," he said. "But we came to Middlebury for exactly one thing—to win. I'm not a member of the chamber of commerce for the state of Colorado."

With the social amenities out of the way, Willy went right back to recruiting. Standing at the top of the slalom course with several other coaches, including Colorado's Bob Beattie and Middlebury Coach Bobo Sheehan, Willy's appraising eye spotted a small boy sking down. The boy stopped. He was Bobo's 11-year-old son Butch.

"Butch," said Sheehan, "this is Willy Schaeffler." Willy shook the boy's hand. "You're a racer, yes?" he said, "and a pretty good one, too. I've been hearing about you."

Beattie, a second behind fast-thinking Schaeffler, broke in. "Oh no you don't, Willy," he said. "This one's going to Colorado."

Bobo Sheehan just smiled.

YOUNG PAPA AND THE SEA

Captain Johnnie Case, the famous salt-water guide who introduced Martin Kane to permit fishing (see page 58), was lucky enough to be present at still another great moment in history. He was there when Ernest Hemingway fought his first tuna. It was in 1934, when Case was guiding sports fishermen at Bimini.

"Hemingway arrived in his boat, the *Pilar*," Case recalls, "at a time when everyone was taking big tuna. One of the fishermen was having wonderful luck, hanging two or three big ones a day. But this fellow was a bit of a joker and he kept assuring

Hemingway that there was nothing to catching tuna, even big ones. No fight in them, he said, and they came up to the boat as easily as you'd whistle in a retriever. After a few days of this Hemingway was convinced. After all, this fellow was an expert. He was bringing in lots of big tuna, though in view of what he had to say you might wonder why he bothered.

"Everyone but Hemingway was in on the joke. So when word came in to the docks one afternoon that Hemingway finally had hooked a big tuna all the boats raced out to watch the fun.

"We watched him fight the fish all afternoon. It was giving him a very hard time and everyone was laughing like mad. When it got too dark to see him we returned to the dock to hear what he would say when he came in.

"He came in, finally, dog-tired after fighting the fish for five hours, and he was as mad as the tuna must have been.

"He was roaring angry at the joker, who left in a hurry after hearing Hemingway bellow what he was going to do to him. The joker just stayed out of sight until Hemingway left Bimini.

"I think he wouldn't have been so mad if it hadn't been for the sharks. That fish would have gone about 450 pounds but just as he got ready to beat it the sharks closed in and stripped it to head, skeleton and tail, just like the big fish in *The Old Man and the Sea*."

Well, it was another fish in another country and it was nearly 30 years later, but that riddled, remembered tuna gave "Papa" a pretty good novel and a lot of money.

MAJ DODS AND ENGLISHMEN

Englishmen, says a French traveler, M. Jean Bailhache, are mad because, among other reasons, they are so devoted to sports. He has written a paperback called *Great Britain's "Sport"* inquires M. Bailhache with a raised psychological eyebrow. "An excellent outlet for aggressive instincts" is his immediate answer to himself. M. Bailhache finds that in England, "Sport" is not looked up to as a means of aesthetic improvement, or as a hymn to the beauty of form and movement, but as a school for team spirit and fair play." Sport "has a cathartic or purgative function, whether as a spectacle and an outlet for John Citizen's aggressive instincts or as heroic reading-matter churned

continued



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out by the popular press for people who like weaving fantasy-lives for themselves as ghosts of sport, in their armchairs at home."

The Daily *Sherlock* comments on all this: "Even if M. Baillache felt compelled, on such flimsy understanding, to write a guide book to Britain, you would have expected him to avoid stirring up our aggressive instincts, for fear some irate Briton might up and punch him on the nose. But he knows he is safe. At worst the British will just laugh at him."

THE ANNUAL PUZZLE

Baseball's exhibition season is ending and there are the usual arguments over the significance of the so-called Grapefruit League standings. The fan whose team is doing badly during the exhibition season generally shrugs the whole thing off, but the fan whose team is doing well puts quite a bit of faith in the exhibition standings.

A look at the records since 1953 shows that only one American League team, the 1956 Yankees, ever won both the spring title and a league championship in the same year. No National League team has ever managed to win both. Three teams, the 1953 and 1955 Pirates and the 1955 Senators, were first in spring and last in the fall. Against that, consider last season's record: 12 of the 15 major league teams finished in virtually the same position during the regular season as they had in the spring. The major exceptions were the Red Sox, who were second in spring, seventh in the fall, and the Yankees, who were eighth when it didn't count and first when it did.

INSIDE TRACK

- Los Angeles won't get a National Hockey League franchise until San Francisco builds an ice arena, thus making the West Coast trip a profitable, two-city jaunt for the NHL.
- Charley Rokman, the cigar-puffing funnyman who once officiated, and then coached, in the National Basketball Association, will be rehired by the league as a referee.
- The West Coast may soon lure the U.S. tennis championships away from Forest Hills; Los Angeles is building a 9,000-seat tennis stadium in Griffith Park.

FACES IN THE CROWD



BILL CHASE of North Haven, Conn., Yale swimmer, won 1,500-meter, 400-yard and 200-yard freestyle races in 1953.1, 4:53.7 and 5:15, respectively. In the Eastern Intercollegiate swim championships in Princeton, N.J., captured events for several years in row.



CAROL SMITH, senior at the McLane High School, Fresno, Calif., ran 20-yard dash on clay track in meet against other girls in her school in 6.5 (as compared to the girls' American outdoor record of 5.9, ran 75-yard dash in 8.7 (compared to record 5.3).



JERRY VARNUM, 17, Augusta, Me., high school swimmer who took up competitive diving this year to improve his standing for track, captured National Junior Nordic Cross-Country ski championship in Lake Placid, N.Y., overed the 5.5 miles in 30:04.



KATHY MULLER, 14, of Independence, Mo., won women's Junior National Junior A&J swim title in 20-yard freestyle in Kansas City with time of 37.4, equaled record set by Vickie Haselett of Phoenix, Ariz. in similar event at El Paso, Texas last year.



TIM TURNER of Philadelphia, Pa., Lehigh University wrestler graduated in dual meets two consecutive years, won in 160-pound division as Lehigh won Eastern Intercollegiate Wrestling title in Bethlehem, Pa., received Outstanding Wrestler Award.



CHARLES ROAR, basketball forward at Mount Airy (N.C.) High School, succeeded his brother Stan as coach after the latter had achieved an undefeated season, subsequently equaled Stan's 1950-51 record: 25 wins, 8 losses, the Class 2-A State Championship.



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THE FACTS ABOUT THE FIXES

College basketball, again shaken by cases of bribery and fraud, faces a long series of distasteful disclosures. Sports Illustrated's basketball editor reveals details of the widespread conspiracy

by JEREMIAH TAX

The news of college basketball fixes that broke last week has been six months in the making. It will take at least six more weeks to unwind. There will be:

- Exposure of more bribers and players.
- Involvement of a number of southern state universities.
- Involvement of players and teams in both major postseason tournaments: the NCAA and the NIT.

On Monday of this week, New York City detectives were sent to the University of North Carolina and Philadelphia's LaSalle College to bring in several players for questioning. By Monday, too, it developed that three students at the University of Connecticut—not one—had been questioned. They are Captain Pete Kelly and Glenn Cross of the basketball team and football co-captain Bill Minnerly.

The office of New York District Attorney Frank Hogan has been investigating college basketball for two years, but work on this specific case began last September 24. That was the day a New York gambler named Aaron Wagman was arrested in Florida after trying to bribe a University of Florida player to fix a football game. Wagman was released on \$20,000 bail but was put under surveillance. He led the detectives all over

the country, until the scope of his operation became clear.

Wagman rarely dealt directly with the athletes he bribed. He had "contact men," nearly always fellow students of the athletes, on a dozen campuses. Such a student would call Wagman in New York when he heard the player were ready to fix a game. Wagman, who had little working capital, would then go to a big-time gambler and borrow enough money to pay the bribes involved and to make his own bets. Wagman then sent \$2,000 to his contact man, to be split evenly between him and the player. The player was also instructed to act out an agreed-upon signal just before the game started—say, bending over and tying his left sneaker—as final evidence that everything was set. By that time, Wagman and his gambler friend would have their bets down.

To understand how the betting took place, assume that the game Wagman fixed was between Team A and Team B. Team A was favored to win by 10 points. That meant bookies would accept your bet if you thought Team A would win by more than 10 points. Wagman had told his bribed player—on Team B—that his team must lose by at least 15 points. Therefore he bet, confidently, on Team A, giving 10 points.

As the money Wagman and his

gambler friend—and possibly his friends—bet on Team A poured in, the bookies would alter the line to protect themselves. Team A would become an 11-point favorite, then 12, then 13, until the bookies took the game "off the boards," which meant they would take no more bets. Wagman had made bets at all the point spreads, and if the fix worked, as it usually did, he won them all.

The New York detectives were just completing their case against Wagman and another fixer named Joseph Hackes last week when they discovered something that forced them to act quickly. Wagman had applied for a passport, was obviously preparing to leave the country.

They arrested Wagman and Hackes immediately. At that time they had solid cases on only a few fixed games and bribed players. One was Wagman's fix of the Connecticut-Colgate game played at Hamilton, N.Y. The other was Hackes's fix of a Seton Hall-Dayton game played in Madison Square Garden. The Seton Hall players involved were Art Hicks and Hank Gunter. They had agreed to lose the Dayton game by more than the six-point spread. They did; Seton Hall lost by 33 points.

Hicks and Gunter were already in trouble with Seton Hall authorities. They had been disciplined for a num-

ber of serious infractions of campus rules. The night of the Dayton game both left Madison Square Garden, though they had been instructed to return with the other players by bus to Seton Hall. They were looking for Hacken. When he failed to show up, Gantier rushed back to the Garden and caught the bus in time. Hieko continued the search for Hacken but failed, and he spent the night in New York. When he returned to Seton Hall the next day he was suspended by his coaches for a brief period.

There is an important difference between the Wagman-Hacken techniques and those used to fix games a decade ago. Then the fixers and gamblers decided precisely which games would be manipulated and gave the orders to their bribed players. Wagman, centurion, sat back and waited for one of his contact men to call. The contact man, in turn, waited for the player to come to him and say that he wanted to pick up some quick cash. This assured Wagman that any fix arrangement would be entered into eagerly and that he could count on a full "effort" by the player.

Wagman and Hacken worked independently of each other, as do a number of other fixers yet to be arrested, but they exchanged information, and occasionally doublecrossed each other. Though both borrowed to finance their deals, neither was a small-time operator. They were the master technicians; they had the apparatus that made the fix work.

Hogan's men would have preferred to continue their investigations until they had solid evidence to back up their own certain knowledge of dozens of fixed games and the complicity of many players and go-betweens. They hope that what was for them premature exposure of the fix may actually help. Since players who tell all in a grand jury get special consideration, a number of bribe takers are expected to come forward.

But the district attorney has not decided how lenient he will be with the bribed students who cooperate in providing evidence against the bribers. In similar circumstances 10 years ago those who cooperated were let off with suspended sentences; those who persisted in lying about their own complicity went to prison.

EDITORIAL

It is shocking that college players, with the previous scandals still fresh in everyone's mind, should yield to the temptation of a fast and easy dollar. But the reasons are plain to any sophisticated observer.

When a school uses all manner of sly and under-the-table inducements to recruit a player, when it allows him to slide through college on a ridiculously easy academic schedule, when alumni slip him pocket money, buy him clothes and generally lawn on him to keep him happy, when, in short, a player realizes that everyone around him is winking at the rules of proper behavior, he is prepared to take further steps in the wrong direction. As a matter of fact, by accepting the blandishments of college and alumni, he is already committed to wrongdoing, and the only question remaining is how far he feels he can safely go along that path. Those players who accepted the bribes of gamblers obviously felt that shoving points was safe enough.

It is just as obvious that much of this corrupting atmosphere could be swept away by strict enforcement of recruiting rules and elimination of academic double standards—one for athletes, one for other students. It has to be faced that this would lower the near-professional standards of play of the top basketball schools, in fact would (in football parlance) de-emphasize college basketball as a big-time sport. But college basketball does not belong in places like Madison Square Garden—where, as Roger Kahn points out in his profile of Ned Irish (see page 35), professional gamblers can be spotted any basketball night, filling telephone booths and acting as if they owned the place.

But let us one think that de-

emphasizing the sport, eliminating the academic double standard and removing games from the atmosphere of big-time commercialism will be enough to solve the problem.

College athletics demand closer supervision. The NCAA, like supervisory bodies in various pro sports, should have a security arm whose members are perpetually on the lookout for possible trouble. The mere common knowledge that such a security force exists would have an inhibiting effect on youngsters tempted by as easy buck.

There is no sense in clucking over what a sad thing it is to have to spy on college students. It has now been clearly demonstrated that this is necessary. With the tremendous amount of betting on all sports there always will be a gambler looking for the kind of edge he can get by bribing a player, a coach, a referee. Professional sports officials know this and guard against it. The colleges must do the same.

There are many who hold that the basic cause of a scandal of this sort is the whole moral climate of our times, the prevalence of a something-for-nothing philosophy that affects us all. Even if this is true, it is not an argument against having a police force. Let's improve that climate, by all means. Hopefully, we can improve it to the point where we no longer have to have policemen. Until that day, college sport needs a cop on the beat.

The NCAA, governing body of college athletics, has in the past displayed more eagerness to bury scandals than to expose them. If it fails to act with vigor now, emergency measures will have to be considered by those who have the interests of the game at heart.

OHIO STATE ALL THE WAY

by RAY CAVE

In the midst of the basketball scandals, ironically enough, 16 college teams fighting for a national championship were showing off the game at its glittering and unpredictable best. With a trip to this weekend's final rounds of the NCAA tournament in Kansas City at stake, the teams played in four regional tournaments that were hustling with hoopla and excitement. There was standing room only at Charlotte, N.C., where a rank outsider won, while at Louisville, where tickets were selling for \$30 each, 18,000 sat in disbelief watching a local team dramatically display that Ohio State could be beaten—almost. At Lawrence, Kans. defense won when two coaches guessed wrong, and at Portland, Ore. a blazing offense produced a western champion. The class of the teams that won assured a spectacular finale at Kansas City, and the regional tournaments demonstrated that while things may be wrong with some of the people in basketball, nothing is wrong with the game itself.

At Charlotte the darling of the packed house was, naturally enough, the southern entry, Wake Forest, which had demolished highly favored St. John's earlier in the week at New York. "We're hot, and it's the hot team that wins tournaments," prophesied Wake Forest's preacher-coach Bones McKinney. He proved, however, to be a pained prophet without hoax, though nonetheless correct.

On Friday night his Deacons took on the nation's third-ranked team, St. Bonaventure, and upset it 78-73 in a battle of defenses. Len Chappell, the 240-pound Wake Forest center, surprised the Bonnies with his soft outside shots and destroyed them by getting 15 rebounds. The 6-foot-8 Chappell, looking like Li'l Abner in underwear, had been stung by All-American snubs, and he led his team to heights it hadn't reached all year. Charlotte, where you couldn't buy a ticket for a week, was agog. Nobody paid much attention to St. Joseph's,

which won its 14th straight when it slipped by an inspired Princeton team 72-67.

The next night Bones McKinney found out that, indeed, the hot team would win. Using two sophomore guards, Jim Lynam, a moonfaced 5-foot-8 dynamo, and scrappy 6-foot Bill Hay, who shoots as well off balance as on, St. Joseph's ran its deliberate offense to red-hot perfection, stealing away to a 29-point lead at half time. Slope-shouldered Jack Ransay, the St. Joseph's coach, who had spent most of the contest prayerfully on one knee, waved to the tiny Hawk roiling action as the game ended 86 to 86. Two students there, who had hitchhiked to Charlotte, immediately set off in the rain, this time hitchhiking to Kansas City.

Warm fans and a cold team

If St. Joseph's surprised everybody by winning, Ohio State surprised everybody by nearly losing. In Louisville, Man o' War could have roared eight furlongs down Walnut Street with Lady Godiva up and created no more excitement. Tickets had been impossible to get for two weeks, largely because three Kentucky schools, Louisville, Morehead State and Kentucky, were in the regional. The only outsider, of course, Ohio State. Meanwhile, thousands of fans had come into town from Ohio, with their own bands, their own bottles and their own certainty Ohio State could defeat any Kentucky team.

On Friday night Louisville caught the champions in a cold. They crowded three men around the incomparable Jerry Lucas. The Buckeyes were so hot they could only hit one outside shot in the first half, and Louisville had a five-point lead with three minutes left. That should have been enough.

But a jump shot, a stolen pass, and a three-point play by Ohio State tied the score. Then, with less than a minute to go, Louisville's handsome star, John Tapper, a Hollywood-idol type who had scored 24 points, bounced the ball off his toe. Ohio

State came up with 9, and when an emergency scoring play failed, John Havlicek improvised a 23-footer with six seconds left. Not beaten yet, Louisville's Turner had two foul shots with one second to play, and now the tying point roll off the rim as OSU won 58-55.

Lucas, held to nine points, his lowest total since grammar school, had also made nine errors. "I was guarded so tightly I felt like I was in jail," he said.

Kentucky had to come from behind in the second game to lead off a Morehead State team that has the same hillbilly act as Sam Sneed, and is just as dangerous. "We're nothing but pure country boys," their coach, Bob Laughlin, told everyone. But with Granny Williams, a dead-eye guard from Dwarf, Ky.—an aptly named town of five homes and a backboard—the country boys scared Adolph Rupp. It took 18 points by Kentucky as Bill Lickert for Rupp's team to win.

After these two games Saturday had to be, and was, anticlimactic.

Rupp, the master strategist, declined to take a hint from what Louisville had accomplished against Lucas. His team played six classic man-to-man defenses, two men fouled out trying to cope with Lucas, and Ohio State overwhelmed Kentucky 81-74. Lucas made 14 of 18 field-goal tries, scored 31 points, captured a magnificent 16 rebounds. "That team," said Rupp, "is truly great. They're going all the way."

At Lawrence high Cincinnati and Kansas State had no trouble beating Texas Tech and Houston respectively on the first night, and their game against each other appeared to revolve around Cincinnati's 6-foot-9 center Paul Hogue, who resembles a large oak tree that has been granted the power to move—fast.

But Hogue fouls too much. Cincinnati Coach Ed Jucker figured he was beaten if he had to bench Hogue, and Kansas State Coach Tex Winter thought he would have a good chance if his team stopped Hogue. Both were wrong. Trailing, Cincinnati was forced to bench Hogue when he got his fourth foul as the second half started. In came a sub, but Cincinnati continued to control the boards, finally caught Kansas State with 10 minutes left and won 69-64. It was Cincinnati's 20th straight win, thanks

continued on page 18



THREE-AGAINST-ONE Lourville defends vicariously around Ohio State's Jerry Lucas as John Harbeck, 3, risks ill-advised pass

to beleaguered teammate. Lourville's near win had home-town cheerleaders' skirling, close, before doubletrap just minute.



GAMECOCKS AND GENTLEMEN

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

In the southeastern U.S. last week millions of people watched or talked about the first spring baseball exhibitions, but elsewhere in Dixie some 600 of their fellow citizens were

preoccupied with a far more unusual sporting spectacle. They were eager witnesses to the "World Series of Long Bed Competition," the top event of its kind in rockfighting.



MEET IN DIXIE

Some 600 cockfighting fanciers from all over the U.S. packed a pit in a southern town last week (below) to watch the 'World Series of Long Heel Competition'

The World Series took place in a converted green barn on a private estate outside a southern town. Delicacy and the law forbid closer identification of the locale. Ordinarily,

the local fathers are very tolerant, as they are in many rural areas where death in the barnyard is a common occurrence. Recently, however, a nearby pit was raided for running on

the Sabbath, and the promoter of the World Series, a courtly cocker known as Eddie Fuldrop, feared naming the town would prompt a raid on him.

Cockfighting is legal in only three

continued



Drawings by John Cook

states—Florida, Kansas and New Mexico—but it goes on in almost all. Devotees number more than 100,000, and they range from the poorest Alabama farmhand to the Wall Street broker who belongs to the superexclusive, supersecret Claymore Club, restricted to only nine members. No where are cocks as good as they are in this country. Each year professional breeders export 12,000 birds to the West Indies, Latin America and the Philippines, and business is brisk enough to support four monthly magazines, *Grit* and *Steel*, *The Gamecock*, *The Feathered Warrior* and *Game Fowl News*. Advertisements, reports of fights and memoirs of gallant days gone past cram the pages. Cockers are a sentimental lot who put much by tradition. The cover of the December issue of *Game Fowl News* bore a photograph of a crèche with the admonition, "Keep Christ in Christmas."

Cockers are also proudly patriotic. "The most peaceful nations on earth

are devoted to cockfighting," Mr. Fulford wrote a few weeks before the Series, "and those that aren't are the worst warmongers. Russia wouldn't know a fighting cock from a Leghorn, and there is no cockfighting in Germany, and these have been the worst troublemakers on earth. In England at one time cockfighting pushed home racing back to second place. Since 1845 cockfighting there has been killed almost entirely. And what happened to England? It's been going downhill ever since! Mexico and all of Latin America are cockers, and with few exceptions have been quite peaceable. France and Belgium were devoted to the game in a small way and have never been bad nations. India too is something of a cockfighting nation. Italy is another nation that doesn't fight cocks, although they did back in Roman days and have been slipping ever since. Spain is another cockfighting nation and rather peaceable except for the revolutionaries who pop up."

Raising cocks for an event like the Series requires money and land. A



Girl holds bird while handler ties on the pegs

cocker can invest thousands crossing strains and end up with "danghills," the term cockers use to describe quitters or ordinary poultry. At an early age a cock's comb and wattles are "dubbed" (out), so an opposing bird can't grasp them with his beak. Until a bird is a year old he is known as a stag, and he may be fought even then. (The Claymore Club's annual tournament in the late spring, which is by invitation only, is for stags.)

The cockfighting season runs from late November to early June. The birds molt in the summer and fall. When not fighting, a cock is put on a "walk," which generally means a farm with free range, with some hens. There is only one cock to a walk since two would fight until one was killed. Some owners who fought in the Series had cocks scattered on farms running for hundreds of miles over two or three states.

Last month the owners gathered their cocks for training. They reduced the birds to fighting weight and



*Handers cut off the cocks
with beaks and fresh air*

toughened them with conditioning exercises. They had the cocks spar with traditional small muffs on their spurs (from this came the idea for boxing gloves). In the Series the cocks wear "gaffs," steel spurs rounded on the edges and pointed at the ends. In the East gaffs are an inch and a quarter long. In the South they go up to two and three-quarter inches. Hence the "long heel" appellation.

The Series drew 17 owners, who paid a fee of \$500 apiece. Each was to fight 12 cocks, weighing between four pounds eight ounces and six pounds two. Every bird fought had to weigh within two ounces of his opponent, and the fights stretched over a three-day period, starting with the lightweight cocks and ending with the heavyweights. Most of the cocks had fought before; a fine cock is good for three, maybe four fights.

At 11 o'clock Thursday morning the grounds around the barn were awash with people. Several hun-

dred cars with license plates from 30 states were parked on the grass and down a dirt road. Some fans had come from as far away as Guatemala, Mexico, Canada and Hawaii.

To get in, one passed through the door of a shed built onto the barn. Immediately inside was Mr. Full-drop's daughter, an attractive girl, selling tickets for \$5 each. Mrs. Full-drop, a jolly grandmotherly woman, was near by, greeting old friends with a smile. On the right was a refreshment stand where local ladies served sandwiches, soft drinks, milk and layer cake. In the center were a dozen tables for diners, and on the left a drag pit where cocks that took too much time in the main arena would finish their matches.

Two doors at the far end of the shed led to the big pit. At either one attendants took admission tickets and stapled pink slips with a printed "T" (for Thursday) on shirt fronts. The pit, measuring 20 by 20, was sunk in the floor. White lines known as "scores" were chalked on the tannish eight feet apart. On all four sides tiers of seats rose to the rafters. About 100 persons were present, 30 or 40 of them jammed into the pit "talking chicken." There were Texans in cowboy hats and boots. Dick

Kleberg of the King Ranch family dropped dead in town the day he was to fight his cocks in the Series a few years ago.) There were a scattering of women dressed as if for a church social, the owner of a bordello, a surgeon, an auto salesman from Michigan, an elderly nightclub owner from El Paso and a Catholic priest in multi. ("I want to see what it's like," he told Mr. Full-drop. "Go ahead, Father," said Mr. Full-drop, a Catholic, giving him a pass.)

Several representatives of the trade press were present, among them dapper Dave Marburger, who used to work for King Features Syndicate and now edits *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, and affable William Courtney White Jr., columnist for *Grit* and *Steel*, who drives 90,000 miles a year covering fights. "Sah," said White, "should you evah happen to be in Ware Shoals, South Carolina, Ah would be honored if you would stay with me."

The competing cockers ranged from young Bobby Joe Mandel from Texas, whose late father, a onetime boxer who made \$60 million in oil, brought Jack Dempsey to see the Series, to graying Duke Hulsey from Louisiana, dressed in khaki to handle his own birds.

—Karl Kautz



A cock weighs in before his fight

The public address announcer called the first fight. It was between entries 2 and 12. (Entries were numbered for anonymity before the matches were made so there could be no charge of favoritism.) No. 2 was Harold Brown of the Blackwell and Brown entry from Alabama. He entered the pit carrying his bird, a Hatch claret. Twelve was Eight Pines of Mississippi. The Eight Pines handler brought in a gray cock.

A babble of betting arose. The most common cry was, "100 and 80!" That meant that the man who was calling out 100 and 80 was willing to bet \$100 against \$80. When another man agreed to bet \$80, the man who bet the \$100 picked the cock he wanted to back. The \$80 bettor took the other one. The big bettors, who have been known to go as high as \$10,000 on a fight, spoke to one another quietly.

The two handlers, each carrying his bird, met with the referee in the center of the pit. The handlers held the cocks out at arm's length and let them peck at one another to arouse their ire. This is called "biling." The handlers, still carrying the cocks, then

recreated to the score lines, where they swung the cocks forward at one another in a graceful arc—and as the referee shouted "Fit!" set the birds on the scores, facing each other. The cocks, wings beating, feathers ruffling, met in a furious burst in mid-pit. The claret sank his gaffe deeply into the gray, so deeply in fact that he "hung," unable to disengage. The referee shouted "Handle!" and the two handlers quickly seized the birds and separated them. "You got to handle when they're hung," said White. The handlers took the cocks back to the scores for 10 seconds rest. The odds shifted to 100 to 60 on the claret.

Fellowship

The cocks were pitted again, and the claret rushed out to riddle the gray. They hung again, and the handlers darted in. They were pitted a third time, and they hung again. The cocks for the second fight were ready, and the claret and gray went to the drag pit.

When the claret won, the bettors settled up with one another. No one had written anything down, and no one held stakes. A cocker's word is his honor. Everyone present was pre-

sumed to be a lady or a gentleman, and general behavior was exemplary, with no swearing, no drinking and no arguments.

"There's fellowship and sportsmanlike conduct," said White. "This is a place where a man can take his son and not have him exposed to the swearin' and the drinkin' he'd see at a baseball game. It's a sport, that's what this is!" White allowed that a memorial derby for Sweater McGinnis was coming up soon in Florida. Sweater, a famed handler, died a year ago, leaving a wife and children. The proceeds of the derby are to go for the education of Sweater's children. "No matter what a cocker's station, we're all equal here," Mr. Fuldrop had remarked earlier.

Fight followed fight, and sometimes the outcome varied. Frank Cutler of Oklahoma fought a gray against a Duke Hulsey claret. The gray quickly dented the claret, and the referee counted to 10 as the bird lay on the tankard. Twice more the pair was pitted, and each time the referee tolled 10 over the inert claret. The referee then marked two new score lines on the tankard 22 inches apart. The gray flew at the claret, and this time the referee counted to 20 for the knockout. Mr. Fuldrop, above the crowd on a catwalk, noted the result on the scoreboard.

At 3 o'clock intermission came. Mr. Fuldrop came down from his perch to mingle with the crowd. "It's just natural for them to fight," he said of the cocks. "They'd rather fight than eat. It's just instinct."

The cocks are all descended from Gallus gallus, a breed of Asian jungle fowl brought to Greece by the Persians in ancient times. Before the Athenians defeated the Persians at Salamis, Themistocles used two fighting cocks to exhort his men: "Behold, these do not fight for their household gods, for the monuments of their ancestors, for glory, for liberty, or the safety of their children, but because one will not give way to the other."

The Romans introduced the birds into Britain. Henry VIII built the first pit in London, and under the Stuarts the sport flourished. James I attended fights twice a week and appointed a royal cockmaster. Charles II presented a pair of spurs to Nell



Handlers bill the cocks before fight



The referee tells the crowd in the drop pit over a beaten bird

Guys. The greatest cocker of all was the Earl of Derby, after whom the race is named. At one time he supposedly had 5,000 cocks on walks. ("He fought mains all over the country," a writer recently noted in the *Game Poul News*, "but perhaps his favorite spot was Preston, where he had built the best appointed and most commodious cockpit in the kingdom. I hear that it is now a temperance hall. This is bad enough, but other cockpits have had a sadder fate, they have become chapels.")

Best over

George Washington fought cocks, and so did Jefferson and Jackson. Franklin Roosevelt attended fights. "This was before his political days, when he was at home in Hyde Park," Mr. Fuldrip said. "The late General Marshall was interested in the game at one time." Bernard Baruch used to attend fights with the late San-

ford Hatch, a New York investment broker, who ranks, along with Colonel John Madgig, a shiny blade from Buffalo, as the greatest American breeder. "Practically all the cocks here have Hatch or Madgig's blood," Mr. Fuldrip said, before returning to the scoreboard.

On Saturday, when all the cocks had finished fighting, three entries—the Jackson Club of Jackson, Tenn., Bill Ruble of Ohio and Lloyd Miner and Son from Illinois and California—had tied for first-place money with nine wins and three defeats each. They split the total \$8,500 in entry fees.

Everyone was delighted. The birds had been tough and the competition keen. "The best we ever had," said Mr. Fuldrip. "That was a very unusual happening in young Miner winning. Hauled those chickens 2,000 miles from California and win! You wouldn't see that but once in a thou-

sand times—travel usually takes a lot out of chickens."

And what of the cocks themselves? The winners went back home in triumph to be fought again, perhaps, or bred to pass on the blood and bone of victory. Some gallant losers which lived went home, too—they might have had bad luck. Cocks that were killed or badly wounded had their heads chopped off, and each day they lay outside the barn on the grass, waiting for the garbage collector, who made special calls. A few fishermen in the crowd slashed off hackle feathers for flies.

The dead cocks occasioned much emotion. "I've tried to eat 'em," snuffed Earl Myers, an elderly gentleman from up Indiana way who had just come to watch, "but I just couldn't eat a bite. Just too much sentiment. I choked up. I don't even like to see 'em killed. Just like tryin' to eat one of your own kids." **END**

'THE FLOYD PATTERSON I KNOW I AM'

Groping in the private desert of the ring, Floyd Patterson was a stranger to himself as he fought Ingemar Johansson. Here he talks with revealing frankness about his disappointing victory

by GILBERT ROBIN

I saw Daddy fight on television," Seneca Patterson said sweetly. "He was so handsome." Seneca is 4 years old, and her Daddy bought her a rubber alligator in Miami Beach that squeaked and pounced when she squeezed a bulb. Daddy was fixing it Saturday afternoon. "It ought to leap better than that," he said, listening to its pitiful, artificial cry.

It seemed, perhaps, an unnecessarily bitter and haunting toy. Floyd Patterson had had enough squeaks and feeble pounces last Monday night, before, by a triumph of the will, he knocked Ingemar Johansson out in the sixth round. He realized, with uncommon awareness, that he fought ineptly. "I was determined," he said, "but who pays to see determination?" And, "It's over with. The main thing was accomplished: victory."

It is a very major sense, however, it is not at all over; only absolute victories cast no shadow, as if their time were always high noon. "There has to be a reason," Floyd mumbled over a mug of tea. "There was a reason." He was still at sea, as he had been when desperately, almost pathetically, he had cried out to his manager in his corner between rounds: "Cus, I can't find it. The style. I can't find the style to fight him." It might have been a cry from a dream he had had the day before the fight: "I kept going down and the referee kept counting.

It had no beginning and no end."

"I know what happened," he said Saturday, sitting in the quiet, familiar light on his sun porch in Rockville Centre, N.Y. "I can see it like daylight. I mean I can see it as vividly as daylight. I was in there. But I couldn't find myself. My mind was on the fight, but not as much as it should have been. When I got in the ring my mind was very blank. I'd backpedal. I did that several times. I'd go back awhile. I thought it would help me find myself and that then I'd tear in there, the Floyd Patterson I know I am. But I wasn't accomplishing anything.

"I'm the type of a fighter who, when he sees an opening, takes advantage of it. It wasn't the knock-downs. In the first round I saw an opening after a couple of jabs but... It was a good thing I got knocked down. It woke me up. And then it got to a point where I knew I'd have to gamble; I wasn't that far ahead on points. I'd have to try to knock him out, and to do that I knew I'd have to absorb a lot of right hands. But I had to take the chance. I knew that if

I got some punches in he'd go down. I felt that he was weakening. I wanted to keep him under pressure, under pressure with skill. But I had no skill, and when you have no skill you're afraid."

And so, afraid, reckless and alone, rejecting a confusion of advice from his corner, Patterson groped as in a suddenly darkened room. "Everyone was telling me to do something different," he said. "Throw the right," someone said. So I bent down to throw, and he threw. I felt like telling them to shut up. I more or less turned that station off after that.

"You know, I feel that I have to put fighting—of course, I love fighting—over other sports. Because you are alone. In basketball, if you're having an off night you can pass the ball to someone else. But in fighting, if you have an off night, what are you going to do? Tell your trainer to go in and fight for you? In baseball you don't hit a homer every time you swing at the ball; in basketball, you don't score every time you shoot. Why then should I look like a million dollars every time I fight? It just happens."

continued

THE FIGHT IN COLOR

PATTERSON WAS KNOCKED TO THE FLOOR TWICE IN THE FIFTH ROUND, THE SECOND TIME SAGGING AT JOHANSSON'S A PUNTERATED RIGHT HAND ON HIS KNEE. THE PHOTOGRAPH

TAKEN AT RINGSIDE OPPOSITE AND FOLLOWING PAGES SHOW THE FRANTIC QUALITY OF THE UP-AND-DOWN FIRST ROUND AND THE SURPRISING SURPRISE OF THE FINISH IN THE SIXTH





NOW IT IS JOHNSON'S TURN. STUNNED BY A LEFT AND TWO CLUBBING RIGHTS,



THE CHALLENGER PAYS RELUCTANT—AND FINAL—OBSERVANCE TO HIS CONQUEROR



INDO IS UP, FEELING STRONGLY THAT HIS BUSINESS IS UNFINISHED; PATTERSON IS READY, TOO. BUT REFEREE REGAN SPREADS HIS ARMS—IT'S ALL OVER

Of course, Floyd realizes that it doesn't just happen. And, indeed, he tried to explain, not excuse, his singular emptiness and vagrancy of mind. "For my way of training," he said, "I need seclusion and concentration. I couldn't get that in Florida. I thought to myself, maybe I can condition myself in that kind of environment, but it didn't turn out. And, I have taken a stance that I make the decisions. I hate to show them that I'm not interested. Then if things don't turn out right they'll blame me for everything that happened. But I'm not used to taking care of all the decisions. Making decisions didn't prove beneficial as far as fighting's concerned. The promoters would come to me with their problems about the gate. My lawyer, Mr. November, would want my ideas on things. It was a big burden. I don't want to say it interfered with the fight; it might have turned out the same way anyhow and what not, but next time I'm not going to take such an active interest. I'll be told about things briefly, in a hot minute, so I won't get so involved.

"I didn't have time to concentrate and think about the fight. It's very important that a fighter have seclusion so he can try different things without strangers in the gym embarrassing him if he fails. When you're alone you can try and miss and only your sparring partner knows, and he understands at least a little bit. You try and miss until it works, and if it continues to fail, why, you give it up, but you're not embarrassed. There were still things I wanted to try two days before the fight. At least that day I wanted to concentrate and think. I went over to the hotel to work out, and there were newspapermen and others there. They weren't supposed to be there, and I was very disturbed. But the people were as nice to me in Miami Beach, what could I do?

"The best way for any human being, not just a fighter, to act, is to relax, not bother. I feel I know my mental mistake now. When I look at the films I'll know my physical mistakes. But I hear Ingemar said he wasn't impressed with me. Well, if it wasn't the real me in there and I could beat the real him . . . but was he the real him? That's what I want

to know. I know I wasn't the real me. I would like to fight him again. I would love to. I don't like to leave any doubts in the minds of the people I fight. But I can't now. Others are waiting. We can't tie this thing up permanently. But I'll tell you one thing: if we fight seven days a week, four weeks a month, it will never go the distance."

Apart from his mental concerns, Floyd admits that he was too heavy. "I want to weigh '32 next time," he said. When he views the fight movies he will learn more. For one thing, in the early rounds Johansson's left almost completely distracted Patterson. Ingemar used his left as if he were a sharper dealing three-card monte. "Watch my left, watch it closely," he seemed to say. "It's always there, right before your eyes." As Floyd followed the left, Ingemar watched his eyes. When he had him bamboozled, Ingemar crossed the right over the extended left. This one worked niftily, except that Ingemar has one serious fault. He cannot slip lefts. His defense depends, rather, on picking them off.

How to spike a gun

Floyd's plan was to press Johansson, constantly pumping his left jab. To this end, Ingemar could only respond by hating away the left with his right hand—which of course meant he couldn't throw the right. Then, Ingemar's big gun spiked, Patterson was to throw the short, abrupt right back to Johansson's left side. Ingemar's natural reaction to this punch would be to drop the left arm to protect the body, leaving Ingemar open to a quick, overhand right to the head. But there were two imperatives: 1) don't bob away from Ingemar's jab; instead, accept it while firing your own jab and 2) never block a left hook. (Ingemar does throw an immature version of this punch. In fact, the ultimate blow of the second knockdown was a left hook.) If Floyd blocked a left hook his head would be static and—because he relies on his glove to absorb the punch—almost cooperating with Ingemar's right. Patterson had heeded these rules in the second fight. But in Miami Beach he neglected them.

Throughout the fight D'Amato yelled, "Pump the left and pump." It was unimportant that Floyd be accurate with the jab, only that he

keep jabbing and keep Johansson thinking and acting defensively. For Ingemar is a fighter who cannot conduct an offense and a defense at the same time. When he is not pressed he appears masterful, but when he comes to dominate he cannot think offensively and his hands beat like wings in their frenzy to ward off punches.

Ingemar's battle plan was almost the same as in the first fight, except that he was heavier and stronger and felt he could stand and fight instead of skipping lightly back. To compensate defensively, he bent to avoid punches and did, indeed, duck innumerable rights in this fashion. But he could not punch from this position and, besides, it made him lose his tempo. Whatever their tactical failures, it was ultimately Ingemar's vast fatigue and Floyd's intolerable fists that decided the matter.

TelePrompTer claims to have resolved the controversy of the count by counting motion-picture frames, which show that Ingemar was on the floor for 11 1/12 seconds—but the point is not how long he was down but whether he beat the count as given in the ring. No matter, though; it seems likely that Floyd would have knocked him out in the seventh round had the referee not stopped it. Johansson was reduced to feebly pushing Floyd away with both arms, like a man shoving off from the dinner table. His jab was as languid as Adam's arm when he reached out for the spark of life. At the end of the sixth Floyd slipped this gentle jab, which drifted over his shoulder as he crouched and, like the little alligator, leaped in with the left hook high on the forehead, the herald of the end.

In their three bouts Floyd and Ingemar have come to know each other with the special knowledge reserved for lovers and fighters and those who struggle in lonely partnership for identity. In recognition of this, Floyd pecked Ingemar on the cheek after the fight. He would have liked to declare it. "It was girlish," he said.

It was a sunny and windy Saturday. Floyd's wife, Sandra, had gone to the 104 store and bought a kite and Floyd was putting it together. Seneca and her little sister Trina fdged. Floyd, too, couldn't wait to get outside. When a kite catches the wind and rises, it fills the moment: the past recedes, the future is only its bright and farther ascent. **END**

SUMMIT OF THE NORTH-FLANK EAST

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EXIT TRAILER

WHITE SPOT

PAIR

SHARP SPOT

ICE WALL

INTER-TRAILER
TRAILER

SHARP SPOT



THE OGRE YIELDS

Rising above the Swiss valley of Grindelwald is the north face of a massive pyramid of ice and limestone called the Eiger (left). The name means ogre, and it was given by medieval monks who described the 13,426-foot mountain as "the ogre that eats people." In the modern history of mountaineering, 11 climbers have perished on the north face alone, a nearly vertical wall of crumbling rock, brittle ice and shifting snow fields that stands in almost constant shadow. One victim, the Italian Stefano Longhi, hung alive from his ropes for five days (SI, Aug. 26, 1987). After he died his body remained clearly visible from the valley floor for two years before it was cut down, ending the grisly tableau.

Only 15 expeditions managed to scale this forbidding wall, all of them in the summer. In winter such a climb was considered out of the question. Then last week, through the 72-power telescope of the Kleine Scheidegg Hotel at the base of the wall, a string of tiny figures was seen inching out across the frozen cliffs. Four men—Toni Hiebeler, editor of an Alpine magazine in Munich; Anton Kinshofer,

a Munich carpenter; Walter Almberger, an Austrian iron miner; and Andeol Manshubert, a German saw-mill worker—were trying the North Wall. From all over Europe tourists and skiers and climbers converged on Kleine Scheidegg to sit with their binoculars on the sunny hotel terrace, sipping aperitifs and listening to the four-piece Alpine band as, far above, the climbers carried on their tilt with death. A crew from Eurovision TV set up a telephoto camera to broadcast the climb live. Eight planes, as many as 19 at a time, flitted across the wall for a closer look, dipping and darting to avoid one another. For nearly a week the weird carnival whirled on; and suddenly, on the seventh day, the thousand who watched below, waiting for what most thought would be glorioussounding death, saw triumph instead. There, astride the sharp snowfall ridge, were the climbers. The four men had challenged the ogre in his darkest winter mood, and the ogre had spared them. As the mountaineers descended, Sports Illustrated Editor Jack Olsen met Hiebeler, the expedition leader, who told his own first-person story of the climb (below).

'THAT'S WHY WE ARE HERE'

by TONI HIEBELER

I am no German romantic. I hold no brief for those who are half in love with death. I love life too much. This climb was intended to be an adventure in the most honorable sense of that word, and the fulfillment of a mental challenge. The Eiger North Wall has been one of the most fascinating factors in my life since I was 18. That was when I first came to Kleine Scheidegg to climb the wall. I went up 1,300 feet, but I soon realized that I was too young for this monumental mountain.

In order to climb such a mountain, I first have to form a close relationship with it. I finally got this relationship for the North Wall in the summer of 1953. My friend Uly Wyss of Zurich came to the North Wall to accomplish what European mountaineers call the Double. Together we had already climbed the first part of the Double—the Walker Spur of the Grandes Jorasses in

France. But I could not come with him for the second part, and his partner on the two-man rope was a 23-year-old amateur climber from Dresden, Karl Heinz Gonda.

They reached a mere 100 yards from the top, and they had only a short climb remaining. No one knows what happened; clouds had obscured the summit. When the clouds cleared, their tracks could be seen ending in a snow slide. They had conquered the most difficult part of the face, only to die in an avalanche.

I realized then that the climbing of the North Wall was not merely a matter of muscle but also a matter of mind. In 1959 I came here again; I looked at the North Wall with my friend Kaspar von Almes, the manager of the Kleine Scheidegg Hotel. There was a party on the mountain at that very time—it was early summer—and they became the 14th party to succeed.

It was unusually cold weather for summer; Kaspar remarked that the

cold weather was good. The water in the mountain had frozen, helping to stabilize the face. And he told me that in winter there are almost no avalanches and few rock falls. It was then that I decided the North Wall might be tackled in winter. You can do nothing against avalanches and falling rock, but you can train against ice, you can clothe yourself against cold and you can prepare a safe retreat against bad weather.

In March of 1960 I finally made the decision to make a winter attempt. I knew we would have to spend six or seven nights on the Eiger and that this ordeal would call for the most careful precautions. As part of the preparation, I came here last summer and kept a diary of conditions on the face. I ordered equipment in October, and we went to the Tyrolean mountains of Austria to test the equipment. We found many things wrong and learned that we needed very special equipment.

Because the great danger on such a climb is frozen limbs, I myself designed a special boot with a layer of felt and four layers of leather. We

continued

had piled d'Alphonse (foot of elephant) sleeping bags, which come up to the waist, and hammocks. Our crampons had 12 points instead of the usual 10, and the ice proved to be so extensive that we never took them off.

We experimented with food and finally hit upon Sanderson syrup as the foundation of our diet. This is a sort of currant syrup made of Austrian berries laced with glucose. In addition, we had tea, Ovsenaline which we gulped with snow in the daytime, some pre-toasted bread, a small supply of dried beef, powdered bouillon and concentrated vitamins. This is much different from what you would normally take for a short climb. But we realized that the traditional things like cheese, hard, chocolate and sugar cubes would be too heavy and would do nothing to lessen the tremendous loss in body fluids that one experiences on a climb. As it turned out, I lost 22 pounds anyway, but we still had enough food for two days when we reached the summit.

We also took hypodermic needles of morphine in case of injuries; Pervitin, which is like your benzadrine; and Ronizol, a drug that dilates the blood vessels and increases circulation against the cold [this is the drug that killed the Danish cyclist in the heat of the Rome Olympics—ED.]. Not counting our climbing gear, each man carried a total of 30 pounds.

Then, in addition to the regular mountaineering equipment—ropes, pitons, ice ax and an altimeter—we took 50 expansion-belt pitons, which can be drilled into solid rock. These were strictly for escape purposes, and we never used them. You see, an Alpinist puts pitons only into natural fissures. He does not want to screw pitons into the mountain, because he considers it a violation of code to drill into so beautiful a thing. We would have used these pitons in event of a retreat, but only if our lives depended on them. And if there were a real disaster, friends were standing by in Munich with a winch and steel wire, ready to fly to the North Wall. With all these things ready, we went to

Kleine Scheidegg to make a final study of the face before starting our climb.

FIRST DAY. Monday the sixth of March was my 31st birthday. We had been at Kleine Scheidegg since Feb. 25, living in a little chalet and pretending to others that we were merely vacationing. We set out on our climb at 3 Monday morning because we didn't want to be seen by anybody. Then if we had failed to make it we would not have had eternal shame on our heads; we would have beaten a



EXPEDITION LEADER Hübner planned 13 years before making his triumphant winter assault on Eiger.

silent retreat and no one would have known about it. Von Almes was the only one there who was in on our little secret.

We reached the base of the first cliff at 5:30 and started our vertical climb in very cold but beautiful weather. We made the first 1,000 feet in darkness without rope, and then 200 yards more with rope in the dawn. About noon we came to the first real problem—the Schwierige Riss (the Difficult Crack). We inched up about 80 yards and found a good ledge which gave us our most comfortable bivouac. We reached this ledge at 7:30 and worked until 11 o'clock preparing contour seats in the snow; then we cooked and ate until

1 a.m. and slept soundly until 7. We were very happy so far. But the next day we were to have our narrowest escape.

SECOND DAY. We had reached the Hinterstoisser Traverse, named after one of the men who had died on the mountain. This is a sheer face of ice and snow 150 feet wide, and it is considered one of the most difficult problems on the North Wall.

Kinshofer, whom we call the Russian Tank because of his Slavic look and because nothing stops him, was first to try to cross. We belayed him by digging our three ice axes into the snow all at one point. Then we passed the rope attached to Kinshofer over the top of this tripod and held on. Our hope was that if he fell on the traverse his rope would pull up against the three axes so that he would dangle safely in space and be able to crawl back up with his crampons. I am fairly sure now that if Kinshofer had slipped halfway across, this belay would not have held and we would all four have fallen. But it was the only way we could do it. This sort of arrangement is what some climbers call a psychological belay, where you do the very best you can but you know in your heart that the belay probably will not hold if it is needed.

Kinshofer began the traverse on solid ice pitched at a steep angle—almost vertical. To inch across very slowly would have taken too long; his muscles would have given out. He had to run. Two of the spikes in our crampons point straight outward in front of the foot. He made the traverse by sticking only one of these spikes into the ice on each step. You can imagine the strain on the leg muscles. He went out of our sight around a small bend. Suddenly we felt the rope straighten out—we knew he had fallen.

What had happened was this: he had just reached the other side of the traverse and with a great effort had knocked in one piton and put his rope through it. Then he lost his footing and fell on his rope 15 feet straight down. The piton held, while we all stopped breathing. He managed to scramble back up, and then he fixed

continued on page 61



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SUCCESS AND NED IRISH

by ROGER KAHN

The boss of Madison Square Garden, Irish has a natural sports monopoly in a rich market, but his use of power has led to vast unpopularity

Edward Simmons Irish, once the prophet of big-time basketball and now president of the worst team in the National Basketball Association, is a man virtually without casual acquaintances. Irish has enemies who suggest, "Cut the son of a gun and he won't bleed." He has friends who insist, "He's the finest buddy a man can have." But what is missing from the wide circle about the calculating, headstrong, occasionally brilliant New Yorker are the neutrals. No one is neutral about Ned Irish. No one says simply, "He's all right, I guess."

This virid reflection of a promoter who has been a dominant figure in sports for 27 years would seem to ally him with the strongest personalities of our time, from Cas D'Amato to Nikita Khrushchev. It is the strong and strident personalities who make neutralism an untenable policy. But Irish's personality, which mixes asher-rattling with intense shyness, does not fit into a familiar pattern. Like his success, it is something that is unique and puzzling, even to his friends.

Irish was frightened enough to take basketball out of college gymnasiums and put it into Madison Square Garden. But he does not seem to know enough about the game to run a winning team. He was a dili-

gent newspaperman who took delight in the craft of reporting. But his relations with reporters at large and with New York reporters in particular are a model of inept press relations. He was aware of the danger of fixed college games long before they were confirmed in court, but his reaction to the 1961 scandals was alternately naive and hysterical.

Last week his comment on the current scandal was more sober: "I would have thought the boys would have learned their lesson from 1961." But he still showed no awareness that the Garden atmosphere and the

presence of gamblers there might contribute to the fix.

Ned Irish is president of the Garden, a vast, aging arena on Manhattan's underdeveloped West Side which is famous nationally for big-time sports and infamous locally for sullen ushers and 50¢ beers. On a fight night, when most of the floor is covered with removable benches, the Garden can hold almost 19,000 people and, for all the New York building boom, it remains what it was when Tex Rickard, using borrowed money, built it in 1925. The Garden is the only major indoor sports arena in the New York metropolitan area.

This is a rich and eager market, and Irish milks it mechanically and thoroughly, starting with the two teams the Garden owns. Through the Knickerbockers, for whose disastrous record he must be held responsible, he makes money. (The nearest rival team is in Philadelphia.) Through the Rangers, who have reached the National Hockey League playoffs only five times since World War II, he makes more. (The nearest rival team is in Boston.) In between these house promotions, Irish books college basketball double-headers, an ice show, professional wrestling, a horse show, track meets, a rodeo, a dog show and, occasionally, a fight. The Garden is seldom dark and, however dull the attraction, seldom empty. It is the sort of natural monopoly to warm a poor man's dreams.

Irish was once a peaceman and, unquestionably, he dreamed, but his success has been a chilling, isolating thing. With few exceptions, sportswriters complain that he is arrogant and aloof. His current woes with the Knickerbockers have produced soft cries of delight throughout the NBA. It is easy to ascribe such unpopularity to a history of success, a phenomenon evidenced by the anti-Yankee bias of many New Yorkers. But Irish's unpopularity transcends resentment. One business associate calls him "the perfect mortgage forecloser."

At 55, Irish is bald, sharp-featured and thin-tipped. His voice is flat and colored by the accents of New York City. His manner is brusque and humorless; except with old and trusted



NED IRISH: AN ENEMY TO LIFELONG COLLEAGUES

continued

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NED IRISH continued

friends, he creates the impression of a man preoccupied with people and things more important than the person or question he is facing at the moment. He guards his income figures fiercely, but sound estimates put his yearly take from all sources at something over \$200,000, or almost a hundred times what it was when he left the newspaper business in mid-Depression.

The authorized account of Irish's emergence is probably most famous in the Bill Stern version, or *Valgate*. Stern, whose fables were imposed on innocent radio listeners some 20 years ago, used to tell his audience: "The newspaperman sent to cover the game at the Manhattan College gymnasium found the gym so crowded that he had to crawl in through a window and, as he did, he ripped his best pair of pants. It was this that first led that newspaperman to dream of taking basketball out of the gym, that prompted him to bring basketball into Madison Square Garden, to invent, yes, to invent, big-time basketball. And that man's name was [flourish of basketball] Ned Irish."

For all its impact, this narration is weakened by several considerations, including fact. Irish did put basketball into the Garden on a regular basis, but the original idea was not his. He insists that he ripped his trousers, but Lou Black, now head of the Associated Press Sports Bureau in New Haven, Conn., covered the overcrowded Manhattan game with him and is not sure that anyone's clothing was torn, or that Irish's subsequent thoughts advanced beyond the usual newspaperman's complaint: "Something ought to be done about this mess."

Irish had worked as a student sports correspondent at Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn and at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was enrolled for a business course. Through a variety of promotions, which ranged from organizing a job-placement service to selling sheet music after musical comedy performances staged by The Maque and Wig, he earned as much as \$100 a week while still an undergraduate at Penn, but sportswriting, rather than a business career, appealed to him. He wanted to be a good newspaperman, he said, and when he graduated

he went to work for the New York *World-Telegram* at \$60 a week, a sum he supplemented as publicity man for the New York football Giants.

For a few years Irish was just one of the brigade of sportswriters working in and around New York City. He was a good reporter, but at a time when W. O. McGeehan and Damon Runyon were grading New York sports pages, no one noticed his writing style, which was adequate and undistinguished. Perhaps aware of this limitation, he began devoting more time to inside work—writing headlines, planning layouts, performing the important, anonymous jobs without which no newspaper can exist.

Basketball then was an unpredictable sport both for the colleges, with their small gyms, and for the promoters who matched pro teams in armories and in dance halls. Joe Lapchick, now head coach at St. John's and once the center of the Original Celtics, recalls, "The guys who played for the Celtics made a little money. The man who managed the team got free bus rides."

Start of the Boom

The first evidence of basketball's ultimate potential was provided by the late Mayor Jimmy Walker during dark Depression winters, when Walker, trying to raise funds for unemployment relief, organized a committee of sportswriters to promote basketball benefits in Madison Square Garden. On Jan. 18, 1931 a college triple-header drew a capacity house; on Feb. 22, 1933 a seven-game program that ran both afternoon and night attracted a total of 29,860. Big-time basketball had been born. Irish attended the birth as junior member of the sportswriters' committee.

Afterward, a number of people approached the late General John Reed Kilpatrick, president of the Garden, with schemes for promoting basketball regularly. "We were more interested in ability than in security," Kilpatrick said later. "We wanted someone with a concrete program."

When Irish approached Kilpatrick, he had both a plan of his own and backing, apparently from the late Tim Mara, owner of the football Giants. Irish proposed to run college basketball as a concession, which is how large arenas customarily run parking lots, but is not how they

continued

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NED IRISH continued

customarily run permanent bookings. As concessionaire, Irish guaranteed the Garden \$4,000, which was then the average cost of renting the arena for one night. He would handle scheduling, control tickets and direct the necessary publicity. The Garden was to share in profits above the guarantee on a percentage basis. Kilpatrick agreed, and under terms of the contract Garden basketball was established as Irish's domain and was to remain his domain as long as he met the minimum of \$4,000 a night.

On Dec. 29, 1984 Irish matched NYU against Notre Dame, and this game, which began a rearing rivalry that ran for 23 years, attracted 16,188 fans. It brought the Garden something in excess of \$4,000 and brought Irish roughly the equivalent of six months' pay at the paper. Suddenly, Irish's future was as big as basketball's.

On Irish's terms

He could not quite believe what had happened. When the *Telegram* refused his request for a leave, he quit, but he clung to his job with the Giants as a hedge against the day when his promotions might end as abruptly as they had begun.

They did not end, because both fortune and opportunism were on his side. With strong squads from NYU, City College, Long Island University and St. John's serving as Garden home teams, plus the freshness of a fine sport's first blossoming, the 1930s were exciting times for college basketball. Irish had bottled the excitement and, as a concessionaire, he was accountable to no one for his methods. Any athletically ambitious college—which is to say, most major colleges in the U.S.—that wanted the attention of a Garden showing had to play for Irish on Irish's terms and on the date he assigned it. A few athletic directors grumbled over the college's cut (\$500 on sellout nights in some cases), but Irish was Congress, court and executive of big-time basketball. "My terms," he reminded athletic directors, "or go back to your gyms." Yet for all the strength of his position, for all his soaring assurance, the emporer of basketball doubled as a football press agent and kept on doubling until 1940.

Irish's instant success created in-

stant arrogance. Except for a few reporters (Tom Meany, then of the *Telegram*, Arthur Daley of the *Times*), Irish walked himself off from his old newspaper associates. Lou Black, who had moved to New Haven, found himself involved in a Garden ticket mixup and wrote Irish a letter of explanation. "Ned's reaction," Black remembers, "was that he was no longer a newspaperman, but now an executive, who wanted to know from nothing, from nobody."

For 15 years Irish's successes were continuous and unrelieved, and although he antagonized some college officials and newspapermen, the worst anyone could say about him was that he had a sneer of cold command. Strangely, when trouble found him, it seemed to concentrate on the weaknesses in his makeup.

The first basketball-fix scandal, which broke at the Garden in 1951, called for humility and genius at public relations. Irish possesses neither. The scandal, which struck in many places, like a soap opera, involved at least six colleges, four of them in New York City, and 33 players.

Twenty-one of the players pleaded guilty to "dumping"; 10 others, beyond the jurisdiction of New York District Attorney Frank Hogan, admitted their guilt. Some players and bribers were sentenced to prison, and the careers of several coaches were ruined. This whole affair killed big-time college basketball in New York for many years.

"Underlying the scandal," Hogan said in a formal report, "was the blatant commercialism which had permeated college basketball. What once had been a minor sport had been hipped into a big business."

But Irish, the chief hippadromer, refused to accept any responsibility, though the presence of gamblers at Garden games was as obvious in those days as major league baseball receipts are at an NCAA tournament. (In the years since the scandals, any sophisticated fan has been able to spot gamblers at a Garden college or pro basketball game.) Irish went so far as to accuse Frank Hogan of timing his arrests during the scandals for publicity purposes.

The 1951 scandal scared and shocked, but it passed. The New York Knickerbockers, while hardly as dramatic a problem as corruption, are a continuing headache. When the Bas-

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NEW IRISH sports and

kethball Association of America, ancestor of the NBA, was organized in 1946, the plan was to create a pro basketball big league. Irish, with the Garden in his pocket, was assured of admission, but he did have one competitor in Max Kase, a popular newspaperman who is sports editor of the *New York Journal-American*.

The dozen men attending the organizational meeting appointed Maurice Podoloff, now the NBA president, as temporary chairman, and Podoloff began with a short talk, loosely lifted from the ceremony of marriage. "I'm going to call on each prospective member in turn," he said, "and if anyone else has an objection, let him speak now or forever hold his peace."

Irish gets the franchise

Podoloff then called representatives of cities about which there was no dispute—Cleveland, Philadelphia and so on—until the unborn league was 10 teams strong and only New York remained unsettled.

"I represent a corporation with more than \$15.5 million in assets," Irish began his speech.

Kase later outlined a scheme for a team that would play in a Manhattan armory. "Three and a half million," Irish broke in from time to time. When the matter was put to a vote, Irish, or Madison Square Garden, won handily.

"But," recalls an owner, "Irish also won a lot of resentment with his patronizing big-money talk. We didn't need him to tell us about Madison Square Garden."

From this sour start, Irish proceeded to sour matters further. He immediately insisted that the home team keep all the receipts, an arrangement ideal for the Garden but brutal for owners stuck with small arenas who'd been hoping for paydays in New York.

When the BAA swallowed the old National Basketball League in 1949, the temporary result was a 17-team hodgepodge, including an entry representing Moline, Ill., Rock Island, Ill., and Davenport, Iowa which was called Tri-Cities and was run by Ben Kerner, who now runs the St. Louis Hawks. Irish promptly told Kerner that he was not going to cheapen his marquee "by putting 'Tri-Cities' up there."

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"O.K.," Kerner said, "but when we play you at home, we're not going put New York on our marquee."

Consistently during this period, Irish announced that unless things went his way he was going to pull out of the league. "The way college basketball draws," he confided, "the Knicks are nothing but a tax write-off anyway."

Tax write-off or not, Irish wanted the Knicks to win, and he hired Joe Lapchick as coach. While Lapchick ran tactics and the bench, Irish ran power plays behind the scenes. After the season of 1948-49, Irish decided to bolster the Knicks with both Vince Boryla, an itinerant collegian, and Ernie Vandevoght, probably the best basketball player ever to attend Colgate. Under the complicated draft rules of the NBA he probably could have landed one or the other, but not both. "If I don't get both, the Knicks will have to fold," he told the other owners. He got both.

When he heard bright reports on Harry Gallatin, a blond forward at Northeast Missouri State Teachers, Irish concluded that he had to have Gallatin, too. He signed him, although Gallatin had finished only two years of college and, supposedly, was not eligible to be signed.

When he saw Nat (Sweetwater) Clifton bull his way toward rebounds for the Harlem Globetrotters, Irish told Abe Saperstein, the proprietor of the Globetrotters, that he wanted to buy Clifton.

The Globetrotters' regular bookings at the Garden are not only profitable for Saperstein but give the team valuable big-city exposure. Saperstein didn't have to be told the facts of life.

"I'll be glad to let you have Clifton—and, by the way, how's the family?" Saperstein said, in effect.

Each of these maneuvers enraged Irish's NBA colleagues.

After nine years and seven first-division finishes, Lapchick, grown gaunt from too much travel, resigned and returned to his old coaching job at St. John's. With the wise, respected old pro gone, Irish assumed a more active part in both the planning and the running of the Knicks. His draft choices, since Lapchick's resignation, have been consistently wasted. He has traded carelessly, losing, among others, Gene Shue, who made the all-league team in 1960. He has

continued



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MED IRISH continued

fred two coaches, although one, Vince Boryla, now works for him out of Denver under the sentimental title of "general manager player personnel."

The current Knickerbockers are the cumulative result of Irish's policies and actions and, as such, with the worst record in NBA history this year, are a source of great embarrassment to him. Since he can no longer bully other NBA owners, Irish was recently reduced to threatening to fold the team because "the Garden can't be in the position of supporting a failure." The Knicks make money, and the Garden is a corporation which feeds on profits. This was a caricature of a threat.

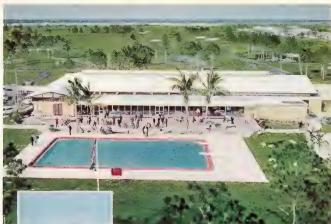
A hard man to interview

For all of his bluster and braggadocio, Irish, as one meets him across a table, is not a blustering man. His answers are clipped and uninformative. He seems uncomfortable during interviews, as though he would prefer checking the books or going about his business to discussing what it is that makes his business exciting. He keeps his wife and two sons in the background, and he tries to dismiss public relations by insisting, "I don't care what they say about me as long as they buy tickets." He has never been able to go much further than that, or to explain a devotion to the Garden so intense that he has hidden in distant reaches, waiting to spring when he catches an usher moving a \$2 customer to a \$5 seat in exchange for a 50¢ tip.

"I think," says one old acquaintance, "that Ned is really a hell of a nice guy. The trouble is, he's afraid somebody might find out." On that score, as matters stand, he is in no danger.

But there is more than a wisecrack to this sad success story. Perhaps more conclusively than anything else now before us in sports, it demonstrates that success does not necessarily warm the spirit or automatically provide a glittering armor in which to stride through life. It can be a burden or even a disaster. After all these years, Ned Irish, who is more feared than admired, more accepted than liked, has become almost a walking advertisement for failure.

END



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*by Thomas N. Flaherty, Manager
La Gore Country Club
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As manager of one of America's finest country clubs, it was with a critical eye that I drove up to visit the Port St. Lucie Country Club—and it more than fulfilled everything I had heard about it.

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give it a feeling of luxury and comfort, while the great chalet-like beams overhead add to the already great height of the room.

Naturally, I paid special attention to what professionals call "the back of the house." Nothing has been neglected in the kitchen and equipment, so that all areas can be efficiently serviced from one location. Indeed, it is a "manager's dream."

The bar, overlooking the first tee of the golf course, is spacious, and has high, leather-topped stools, good-size tables, and is adjacent to the "15th Hole", where you can have a refreshing drink or a good meal. The quiet, luxurious Lounge has deep-seated chairs and sofas—a perfect place for relaxation. The locker rooms are spacious, well equipped and comfortable, with adjoining showers.

It's quite a pro shop they have, too, with everything from golf balls, clubs and bags to sweaters, slacks, sport coats and caps—even comfortable chairs to sit on while being served. I visited the Cart Shed, and spent a few minutes talking to the caddies—a most pleasant lot they seem to be!

Just outside the clubhouse, the fresh water pool lives up to the term "Olympic" in size, and the nearby beach is sandy, and gently sloping.

All in all, it's a beautiful layout, boasting everything that ingenuity, planning and foresight can provide. It was a most pleasant experience—in fact, a real "eye-opener," the Port St. Lucie Country Club. And you'll understand what I mean when I say I speak with some authority—that of a club manager, myself.



*"I traveled 1500 miles to play
this course...and it was worth it..."*



*By Herb Graffis,
Editor, Golfing and
Golfing Magazines*

As editor of two magazines of golf, and as a lover of the game for over 40 years, it has been my pleasure and privilege to play some of the world's most celebrated courses.

And I know that the really good ones don't "just happen." To begin with, you need a terrain ideally suited for golf. Next, you need a skilled and imaginative golf architect, to make the best of the terrain—to visualize it both in its entirety, and hole by hole.

Finally, you need a generous—even lavish—hand with money.

All these factors come into being at the 18 hole championship course of the Fort St. Lucie Country Club, and it was with vivid interest that I noted how the famous architect, Mark Mahannah, shaped it, designed it, and brought it to life.

As befits such a great course, it's a challenge to the pro and top-flight amateur, a delight to the average or "weekend" golfer, and a fair test for the ladies.

From championship tees it stretches out over 7,000 yards. From middle tees it's a shorter—but no pushover—6490 yards, and 5943 yards from ladies' tees. It's an honest par 72 for men, and 74 for women.

Every hole, from par 3 to par 5, calls for accurate play, of course, with the long-hitter rewarded in the measure that he can choose the right "line" and stay with it. The 17th hole is one of those par 5's golfers from all over the country will be talking about for a long time to come. But—and this is one of the course's attractions—the average player isn't penalized, and doesn't

have to "scrabble" or trust to luck for a respectable score. Most important, whether your handicap is low—or a secret, just to you—you'll enjoy your game. Which, of course, is precisely why you play.

The fairways are gracefully winding, lush, and well-matted, so that on practically every lie, your ball sits up and says "go ahead—hit me!" The greens are well guarded, and call for precise approach shots. And Mark Mahannah put skill, care, and experience into every one. No two are exactly alike. All are scientifically designed, with gentle (and sometimes deceptive) contours that call for good "reading" and courageous putting.

The sand is white and "fine"—so that good wedge shots are rewarded, and not-so-good ones get



precisely what they deserve.

The caddies are well trained and courteous, but if you'd rather glide along in an electric cart, or use a "pull-cart," you have your choice.

And wait till you see the big practice range and fine putting green just outside the locker room! What a convenience when you want to "tune up" your game before going out on the course—a real "stroke-saver" for vacation golfers!

The Club's PGA pros know their business, and while they can't make champs of duffers, they can and do take plenty of strokes off the average player's round in a lesson or two.

It's a beautiful course, well managed and operated by a courteous, efficient staff who know their business and like it. So, low handicap player, "weekend golfer"—or even duffer—I think you'll enjoy every minute and every shot at the Port St. Lucie Country Club.



Everything you need—including lessons—at the Pro Shop.

"Chick" Harbert conducts the Golf Clinic at the Port St. Lucie Country Club...



Faulty swings are smoothed and grooved at regularly scheduled "Golf Clinics" which are free to residents and their guests. At these clinics, M. R. "Chick" Harbert, Executive Director of Golf, former PGA Champion and Captain of the 1965 U.S. Ryder Cup team, demonstrates shot making and explains the fine points of the game. One of golfdom's greats, Harbert is the holder of many records, including three world's marks for winning the Michigan Open.



The sailfish flag is up as the "Scottie" puts in at Longford Marina in nearby Jensen Beach.



Fabulous Fishing

by Chuck Schilling
Outdoor Editor —
The Stuart, Florida, News

St. Lucie Country Club is in the heart of one of the most fabulous fishing hot-spots in America. Launch your boat or rent one from the Country Club Marina and Tackle Shop and follow me on a short cruise, while I introduce you to a few of the marvels awaiting your discovery in this tropical Water Wonderland.

A mile upstream, we find the "Crossroads," a confluence of several waterways and a holding ground for both fresh and salt water game fish. Here black bass and snook, tarpon and bluegill, sea trout and pickerel congregate in a mixed-up bonanza that is the delight and wonder of all. What could be more exciting than

hooking a tarpon while working a bed of lily pads for bream?

Beyond, the North Fork continues for miles, winding its serpentine way through a picturesque countryside.

Turning downstream, we cruise North Bay, a Mecca for fishermen, passing Winters and Benzie Creeks before reaching the City of Stuart, four miles away.

Two sweeping bends later, we reach the St. Lucie Inlet, where another crossroads has tremendous effect on the fishing. Here the St. Lucie and Indian Rivers meet, mingle, and go to sea, attracting schools of game fish in uncounted millions.



Outboard-motor boats are for rent.

Beyond the inlet, the deep green of the sea changes to the royal blue of the Gulf Stream. Stuart has long been known as the "Saltfish Capital of the World" and annual tournaments are held at both Stuart and Ft. Pierce. Kingfish and Dolphin vie with the glamorous sailfish for the angler's attention. Bluefish and Spanish mackerel at times churn the water as far as the eye can see in their savage search for food.

To the north, the mile-wide Indian River runs to Jensen Beach, five miles, and to Ft. Pierce, 12 miles farther. World's record sea trout and delectable pompano rim these waters, but even these famous gamesters sometimes take a back seat to bull-dogging jack crevalle, leaping ladyfish, snook, tarpon, and others.

The boom of the surf drifts across

the island from the beach just a stone's throw away. This is perhaps Florida's finest surf fishing, where deep water holds tide runners and schools of blues, mackerel, and delectable pompano.

There's wonderful fishing, too, from bridges, piers, and jetties throughout the area.

Had enough? How about the Jensen Savannahs, home of record bass a string of spring fed, fresh water lakes, just six miles from Port St. Lucie Country Club? Or lonely Mile Lake, where I once took three 10-pound fly rod bass in a half hour? How about the Rim Ditch Canal, Peck's Lake, Manatee Pocket, and much, much more all within a short run on protected water from St. Lucie Country Club, home of Fabulous Fishing.



Surf-casting—sailfishing? The region is famous for both!

Vacation homes that capture Florida's beauty



by *Harry V. Anderson*
Editor and Publisher
Interior Design Magazine

Architect, interior designer and landscape architect working together from the inception of the building and plot plans is the answer to enlightened home building. This is the formula employed by the General Development Corporation on their Port St. Lucie Country Club project.

They are not just builders of housing units; they are environmental specialists. This was my conviction at the end of a day's tour of the development.

At St. Lucie Country Club they have provided a vacation paradise incorporating comfort and convenience. Bright, cheerful Florida colors are used for the interiors as well as the exteriors. The house blends beautifully with the foliage of the tropics. The architects have planned the houses for easy living. Each dwelling unit is

designed to give the maximum of lightness and brightness as well as to capture a view of the tropical outdoors. One can also control his own comfort, for each unit has the most modern air conditioning and heating equipment.

The interiors are planned with imagination, and the amazing thing is, that in spite of the fact that hundreds of homes are being built, each one receives individual consideration. There are ten basic decorative schemes, with an infinite number of variations in color, style of furniture, and treatment. Some homes are furnished in traditional fashion, others have a contemporary flair, and others feature Danish modern. Luxurious floor-to-ceiling drapes are used in every home. Furniture of good design, with such quality effects as inlaid table tops and cane-back chairs, is complemented by colorful area rugs and unusual upholstery and drapery fabrics. Lighting fixtures are attractive, and the accessories have been chosen with a great deal of care.

This is truly building with vision. It is a professional approach to gracious living in which builder, architect, interior designer and landscape architect have worked as a team.



Your living room is spacious, airy, and comfortable.



Another living room—another style—equally luxurious.



*Here, truly, is everything you want
for the most glorious vacation of your life*

Come to the Port St. Lucie Country Club any month of the year, sure of pleasant weather — cooled in summer, warmed in winter, by prevailing trade winds from the Atlantic Ocean. If the temperature moves a degree or so from perfection, your central air conditioning and heating takes care of it.

And how you'll appreciate your own home—with its absolute privacy, its spacious, cheery rooms, its perfect appointments, its beautifully designed and comfortable furniture. And how good to be free of boring household chores, with complete service provided for in your moderate rent!

So, serene and satisfied, you and your children go about your daily round of sport, fun, and pleasure, in the exclusive yet friendly surroundings of a superb country club, served — even pampered — by the most courteous staff that ever anticipated your desires.

Your daily needs for goods and services — are assured by an excellent shopping center, with a fine supermarket and other stores.

**EVEN THE COST
IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE**

Rates at the Port St. Lucie Country Club are well below what you'd expect to pay for such comfort and luxury.

These modest rates are made possible by the long experience, vast resources, and perfect organization of the people behind the Port St. Lucie Country Club. General Development Corporation is one of the nation's largest land owners. The three Mackle brothers, officers and directors of the Corporation, are among America's largest community planners and home builders. The Mackle Company has a reputation for integrity going back over a half-century. Thus you may have confidence that all statements regarding

the Club are factual — that reality more than lives up to promises!

So use the postage-free card inserted at the beginning of this story — and get all the wonderful facts, rates, and your charter Guest Card. Then, remembering that every month is vacation month here, choose your own time.

Come join us with your family — for the most glorious vacation of your life — the kind that makes you say "we'll all be back next year!"



Port St. Lucie Country Club

Another

General Development Corporation Property
on Florida's Famous "Gold Coast"

What makes this beer
so sparkling clear?



Brilliant brewing does it! Brilliant brewing of costliest ingredients by skilled craftsmen...combined with brilliant filtering...gives Miller High Life a sparkling purity that shines clear through...a clear, clean taste that dances with a happy flavor! Try Miller High Life...clearly..

The Champagne of Bottle Beer.



Brewed Only in Milwaukee...Of Course!

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even sunroof Dauphines get forty miles per gallon

Economy seems to be the fad right now. Every car, dead or alive, talks it. Here's why we really mean it. In a Dauphine you can drive anywhere for less; you actually get from 5 to 10 miles more on every gallon than with most other imports. (1969 Mobil Mileage Rally proof: 48.9 mpg.* The ruggedness of the Dauphine has been proved in over 5 years of owner-driving over some of the most grueling runs in the world—including the U. S. Mother's Daily Suburban Endurance Run. Biggest dollar saver, of course, is the price. \$1585* includes all the extras others charge for: deluxe heater, windshield washers, defroster. (The retail value of the Dauphine's free extras comes close to \$150!) No matter what other car you now own, we bet you can't drive to our nearest showroom as cheaply as our nearest dealer can drive to your house in a Dauphine. Call him and try it soon.

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*Figures in miles per gallon. P. O. Box 1000, Renault, Inc., 120 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

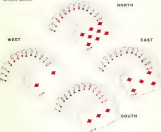


CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Not so elementary

Rarely is a hand dealt in bridge that does not offer a chance to use the powers of deduction for which Sherlock Holmes was remarkable. He could have made a formidable reputation at the card table, even without the ubiquitous Dr. Watson to remind the world of his exploits. Minus a Watson of my own, I am forced, modestly, to serve as my own commentator in the following hand, which I defended many years ago. You can share the mystery that confronted me with East's hand if you cover the West and South cards.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	♠K	♠A
2♠	PASS	♠Q	PASS
4♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
5♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: King of spades

It doesn't greatly affect your problem with East's hand, but let me warn you that in the days when this hand was dealt a player opened the top of partner's bid suit even if he held three to an honor. So, when West continued by leading the spade 3 to your ace at the second trick, with South having dropped the 5 and 7, it was

quite possible that your partner held the still-missing deuce.

It is at this point that you are invited to take over the defense. What do you know about South's hand? How are you going to play to beat him?

Surely the setting trick must come from the club suit. "Correct," Holmes might have said cryptically, "so of course you return the jack of hearts!"

South's bidding reveals a strong hand. His jump rebid in diamonds before he showed the clubs announces a great disparity in the length of these suits: at least six diamonds and only four clubs. And, when dummy turns up with the diamond king, it is a virtual certainty that the diamond suit is solid. South had already followed to two spades, so you know the location of all but one of his cards. If his remaining card is the missing spade, no return will make any difference. If it is a heart, it is essential that you remove it from his hand at once.

Return the jack of hearts and you will see what happens if you now uncover the South and West hands. Dummy wins the trick and declarer can take a club discard on the ace of hearts. But he will be unable to establish the heart suit for another discard and sooner or later he will have to lose a trick to West's queen of clubs.

What would happen if, in the knowledge that a club trick must be won, you attack that suit directly instead of leading the jack of hearts? You might set the contract anyway—but not if South guesses the right way to play for it.

He wins the club with the ace, leads out all six trumps and forces West to find three discards. West can afford to throw one heart and the last spade. But the final trump compels him to choose between establishing dummy's heart suit or unguarding his queen of clubs. The latter is the better choice, since it forces declarer at least to a guess. But the chances are that declarer, if he is a seasoned operator, will guess correctly—if only because he prefers to win by a squeeze rather than by a simple finesse.

EXTRA TRICK

Even when the source of the setting trick becomes obvious, attacking that suit may not be the best way to insure cashing in. Stop and count declarer's hand. The solution of the problem is often found right there. **END**



RHOMBOID-SHAPED XISS X, WITH ONE FRONT, TWO SIDE AND ONE REAR WHEEL, MAKES TEST RUN ON 10Y ROAD NEAR TURIN, ITALY

A 'dream' that may come true

There have been other 'cars of the future,' but this Italian design appears practical—and it probably will be mass-produced

Auto manufacturers love to test the public's reaction to "dream" cars, which they call "cars of the future." These generally have science-fiction styling and, rarely, a new technical wrinkle or two, but the wheels are almost invariably mounted in the age-old rectangular pattern, and the differences between them and models of the past are more illusory than real. Now comes the world's most famous coachmaker with what he terms an "idea" car. (He says, "I did not design her as a stunt.") Its wheel arrangement would cause astonished comment in Indiana or Indonesia.

Although it is still more than a year away from perfection, four companies, including two U.S. firms, have evinced more than a publicity man's interest in the car and there is great likelihood that it, unlike its

predecessors, will be mass-produced.

The coachmaker is Italy's ebullient Pinin Farina, whose plant, located on the outskirts of Turin in north Italy, is the very model of a modern factory. Clean as a hospital, bright as a flower stall, elegant as a Paris boutique, it employs 1,600 workmen and turns out 50 gemlike automobiles a day. At heart a custom coach builder for wealthy clients, Farina has managed to adapt his specialized talents to the simplified demands of the great automobile companies. He designed the new Peugeot 404, which will be introduced in this country this month, the trim little Austin A-40, the 1963 Nash-Healey and the Cadillac Starlight. It was his influence which led to the shift from the vertical to the horizontal grille after the war and he introduced the smart broken line at the rear window now

used in many mass-produced European cars.

His new car is called, simply, "X." Miss X is like no other car on the road, for she has one driving wheel in the rear, one for steering in front and for stability two side wheels positioned where a normal car's rear driving wheels would be.

X was shaped in the wind tunnel of Turin's Polytechnical Institute, where Farina engineers were studying the aerodynamic shapes most suitable to motor car design. They soon realized that the shape they were looking for could not be adapted to the body configuration of the normal auto. The best solution, they concluded, is a variation on the rhomboid, where the body is widest at the sides, narrowing toward the front. A rhomboid car is not a new idea, but earlier designs had failed because the side wheels were placed in dead center, forcing the passengers to sit in isolated pairs front and rear.

Farina's men moved the side wheels forward

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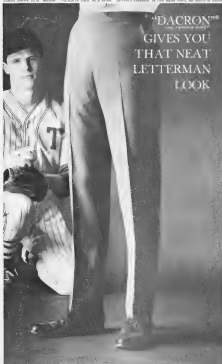
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wheels farther back, enabling the passengers to sit normally. The engine is in the rear, on the right side, where its weight is balanced by the driver's in the left front seat.

Most important, the wheel pattern permits superior streamlining, as the bullet-nosed X car attests. Fitted with an ordinary four-cylinder 1,038-cu. Fiat engine, it can reach a top speed of 85 mph, while conventional cars so powered can do only 70. At lower speeds, the streamlining yields gas savings up to 45%.

The wobble is out

Farina points to other benefits, among them a surprisingly stable performance on snow and ice. Since there is no need for a differential, there is no loss of traction due to the sliding of the driving wheel in the rear. "When you start on an icy road with an ordinary car," he says, "it wiggles. Ours doesn't." Last month wintry snows covered the roads around Turin, and the company hustled Miss X out for a road test. Said Farina's son Sergio: "We were worried, but the test was marvelous."

Another advantage of the rhomboid shape is the near elimination of torsion stress which occurs in turns on a conventional car. This permits construction of a lighter, cheaper shell. Finally, the single front wheel, operating like a tricycle, makes parking easier in constricted spaces.

The car is 14 feet 4½ inches long, 5 feet 5½ inches wide, only 4 feet 3½ inches high and weighs 1,850 pounds. It seats four persons and has independent rubber suspension, which the company claims reduces pitching by 5%, rolling by 14%. The Farinas are somewhat embarrassed by Miss X's two big tall fins, but say they are necessary to stabilize the car in cross winds.

Fins or not, the car has the Farina touch. This is an enduring quality of form that usually enchants the few (e.g., such customers as ex-King Farouk and Prince Rainier), satisfies the many who buy a broad range of Farina-clothed mass-produced cars, and causes Farina, a winner of many international prizes for his designs, to be regarded as a sculptor as much as a commercial artist in the market place. Miss X may be his most successful effort.

240



Pure elegance...with a two-year/24,000 mile pledge of excellence*

Now America has a new kind of fine car, one that combines even greater luxury with 14 inches less length. Specifically designed for today's close-packed traffic, the new Lincoln Continental is slimmer, easier to park and handle. But its greatest achievement is in standards of quality and reliability...standards so high that it alone, among all American fine cars, is now warranted for two full years or 24,000 miles.

There are so many other pleasures to discover: Doors that open at the center-

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This car is so advanced in design and durability it will keep right on revealing new virtues mile after velvet mile—but isn't that just the enduring kind of automobile you've wanted?

Lincoln Mercury Division, Ford Motor Company.

*Ford Motor Company warrants to its dealers, and its dealers, in turn, warrant to their Lincoln Continental owners as follows: That for 24 months or for 24,000 miles, whichever comes first, free replacement, including related labor, will be made by dealers, of any part with a defect in workmanship or materials. Tires are not covered by the warranty; appropriate adjustments will continue to be made by the tire companies. Owners will remain responsible for normal maintenance service and routine replacement of maintenance items such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points and wiper blades.

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What makes **LARSON** America's Ideal Boat For Family Fun?

• **LIGHTS AND HARDWARE** are standard equipment on every Larson boat.

• **PLEXIGLASS WINDSHIELD** is tall and strong. Heavy frame takes the strain. Center sliding section is available for a small additional cost.

• **"SIDE GUIDE" STEERING** provides easy, mechanical control through a single, sheathed, push-pull cable. Response is faster, more positive.

• **SEATS CONVERT TO SUNBATHER BUNKS** in 30 seconds for comfortable sunbathing or sitting. Sunbather seat-bunks are upholstered with foam, covered with color-matched vinyl.

• **FLAT FLOOR AND SIDE PANELING** are standard on all Larson Boats. Attractive paneling in the deep cockpit gives every Larson a completely finished appearance.

• **FOLDING STERN SEAT** provides extra seating capacity in the stern, where the ride is smoothest. High coating behind the seat makes it an ideal place for children to ride safely.

• **FULL, SELF-BAILING MOTOR WELL** enables a Larson to take big motors safely. The well strengthens the transom and helps keep cockpit dry, even when the bow is pulled up on shore. Enclosed space under the motor well is ideal for storing gas tank, battery and gear.

• **COMPLETE TOP SET** of heavy, weather-proof vinyl is standard on most models. Consists of folding convertible top, side weather windows and stern cover.

17' ALL-AMERICAN 170 (at left) is equipped as listed above. Coastlines length, 58"7". Boat price range \$1480-\$1079* including accessories.

(Model 175 features moulded-in, back-to-back seats—boat price range \$1285-\$1440* including accessories.)

(Model 179 features heavy canvas top ext., moulded-in seats and cable flooring—boat price range \$1395-\$1399* including accessories.)

Glide in carefree comfort with . . .

Larson's Million-Bubble Ride



ALL-AMERICAN 170

Exclusive lapline design cuts spunk ... adds speed and stability

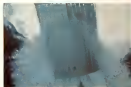
Open the throttle and move smoothly into a fast, flat plane as laplines trap air to form millions of tiny bubbles beneath you. Laplines in the fiberglass hull of every Larson boat break waves into a cushioning air-water mixture. You feel the crisp response to the wheel as they bite in to hold speed and prevent slipping in clean, banked turns. And now, another new exclusive—foam in the sealed double bottom—increases the pleasure of the million-bubble ride. Foam absorbs vibration and sound while it adds extra flotation safety.



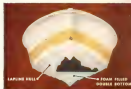
Larson Boats are designed by Paul Larson . . . master builder for 45 years. They are built with care—150 quality checks on each boat assure you that your new Larson is built to the highest standards possible.

Larson Boats range from the 14' Playmate (\$995-\$1382*) to the 19' Surfmaster Cruiser (\$2195-\$2395*), including the popular 16' All-American (\$1695-\$1255*).

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HERE'S A FOUR-EYE VIEW of a Larson lapline hull . . . an exclusive feature in Larson Boats. Bubbles stream from the laplines to cushion your ride and add speed. Increase stability and maneuverability.

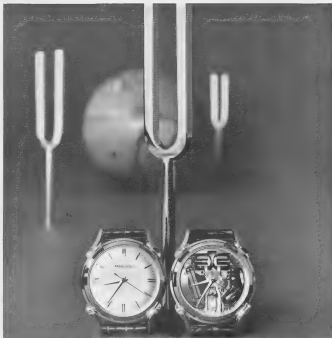


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RUNS ON A TUNING FORK, NO TICK...JUST A FAINT HUM, FIRST TIMEPIECE EVER GUARANTEED ACCURATE ON YOUR WRIST

There's a new way of keeping time! It's Accutron... a timepiece that runs on a tuning fork vibrating 389 times per second... minute after minute... hour after hour. These vibrations are harnessed to a simple but ingenious mechanism. There is no need for hairspring or balance wheel, the parts that cause inaccuracy even in watches costing \$1000 or more. And Accutron will rarely, if ever, need to be taken in for repair.

Accutron is unlike any watch, stem-winding, self-winding, or electric. It's the only timepiece that can be guaranteed accurate on your wrist. In normal use, it doesn't even need periodic cleaning. Of course, you never wind it; once a year you just replace a tiny power cell (cost, \$1.90).

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THE ACCUTRON GUARANTEE — Accutron is guaranteed by Bulova not to gain or lose more than one minute a month in actual daily use on your wrist. For one full year from date of purchase, the Bulova Accutron Company will adjust it to full accuracy, if necessary, without charge.

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Goodbye to the .300 hitter

With impressive logic, Stan Musial explains why high averages are disappearing from the major league scene

I doubt that there will ever be a lot of .300 hitters again in the majors." The speaker was Stan Musial, a man eminently qualified to discuss the problems of the .300 hitter.

Musial was sitting on a red equipment trunk in the St. Louis Cardinal dressing room in St. Petersburg. At 46, he still looks very much the major leaguer, although there are signs of the restaurateur in the thickening waist and thinning hair. As owner of Stan Musial and Wiggle's restaurant in St. Louis, he will not have to worry when his playing career ends.

"Let of things make it tougher for a batter today than it was 20 years ago," he said. "The shape of the bat has changed because everyone swings for the fences now. Why shouldn't they? The home run hitters draw the big money. Used to be bats had thick handles and a big barrel. Then they found out it's not the size of the bat that gets home runs—it's the speed with which you can swing it. So now everyone uses a bat like this. See? A thin handle and a long taper, so that most of the wood's in the end of the bat. You can whip this one around and get power in your swing."

"But that's only part of it," he said. "When I came up to the majors in 1941, very few pitchers had the slider. You practically never saw it, and it wasn't very effective. Now every pitcher you face has the slider and uses it pretty well. It fits the shape of this bat. They used to call a slider a nickel curve. It's not that. It comes in like a fast ball and breaks a few inches in toward the hands of the batter in the last few feet of its flight. That means it breaks in where there's no wood in the bat. Just the thin handle. It breaks so late you can't adjust your swing for it. And it's a fourth pitch, remember. Used

to be all you had to worry about was the fast ball, the curve and the change-up. Add the slider, and right there the batter's problem is 25% harder."

Howie Pollat, the Cardinal pitching coach, backs in.

"First pitcher I remember really working on the slider was Murry Dickson," he said. "That was in 1943. Murry worked on it all year long, but he led the league in throwing home run balls. Every time he'd throw a home run pitch Eddie Dyer, the manager, would ask him, 'What did you give him?' Murry would say 'the slider,' and finally Dyer told him to take the slider and lose it somewhere."

"He didn't say anything about the sliders Murry threw that got the batter out," Musial said dryly.

"Pitching is different now," Musial went on. "When I came up, the idea was for a pitcher to go a complete game. So the pitchers paced themselves. They'd ease up now and then if there was no one on base, and you might get a fat pitch. In the late innings, too, they would get tired, and you could get hits off them. Another thing—you could get organized against a pitcher who stayed around for the whole game. You look at a pitcher twice, then the third time up you know pretty much what to expect."

"It's not like that now," he said, regretfully. "Now the managers send a pitcher in to throw as hard as he can as long as he can. If he gets tired they send in a relief pitcher who throws as hard for as long as he can.

Now, in the late innings the pitchers are fresh and the batters are tired. Just about the time you get used to a pitcher's delivery, he's gone and you're looking at a new one. You never hit against a tired pitcher, and every pitcher is bearing down on you with each pitch."

"Night baseball cuts a lot of points off the average, too," he went on. "There's no substitute for good old sunlight—I don't care how bright they make the lights. They can't light up the skies or the trees or buildings in the background. You're hitting against blackness at night, and you lose your sense of depth perception. Lots of pitchers can win at night who would never win a game in daylight."

"The scheduling doesn't help, either. Play a night game, then come back the next afternoon for another game. The batters play in both, but the pitchers are fresh."

He picked up a glove.

"Everything's working against the hitter now," he said. "Even the gloves. They're bigger and better made. If a fielder can just touch the ball with one of these mitts, he's got it. They make plays every day that you wouldn't see once in a season a few years back."

He put the glove down, picked up a bat.

"One thing," he said as he walked toward the batting cage. "There's no difference in ballplayers. In the '40s, when I came up, I played against the great players of the '30s, and I heard them talk about the great ones of the '20s. Now it's the '90s, and some of these kids I'm playing with and against will be the superstars of the '70s. You get a long perspective, and the players are just as good now as they were then. The difference is in the game."

END



STAN MUSIAL

The new prize of the salty flats

Stronger and warrier than the bonefish, almost as fast, harder to hook, the permit is a coming game fish dandy



FLORIDA KEYS GUIDE JOHNNIE CASS HOLDS 34½-POUNDER, HIS BIGGEST

The high-fashion status of the bonefish, for some time the most voguish of salt-water quarry, is threatened this year by one of his neighbors—a fish almost as speedy, much stronger and more interesting to fight. It feeds like the bonefish, tail poking above water as it probes into shallow bottoms for the crustaceans that make up its favorite food. One stalks and casts to it in the same way. It is called a permit, and the accent is on the second syllable, as in “per-mi-ss-iv-uh”—which it isn’t.

It is safe to say that the permit is the least known of American game fishes worthy of respect. Until recently even professional ichthyologists didn’t know enough about it to make a fat paragraph in the reference works, some of which contain actual misinformation about the fish. In some books still circulating, the permit’s young is classified as a separate species, the so-called round pompano. And just a few years ago one of the most eminent of ichthyologists was reporting that the permit runs to six or eight pounds when, in fact, it goes up to the present world record of 47 pounds 12 ounces, and probably as high as 50.

When spinning and light tackle fishing generally became popular 15 years ago a few perceptive sportsmen around the Florida Keys began specializing in the permit, dismissing all

others, even the bone. They tried to keep its virtues secret, but word has gotten around—and much of the earlier misinformation is being corrected.

One of the select few who know the permit well is Captain Jehanle Cass, a guide of 35 years’ experience. “The permit,” says Cass, who has guided fishermen to 13 salt-water records, “is a challenge to any angler, and to his guide and his tackle.”

Fish hooks a guide

Cass speaks with fervor for a good reason: the first permit he ever came across tied the then all-tackle world record of 39 pounds eight ounces. It was in March 1947, and the fish was sighted off the docks at Bimini, where Cass guided George A. Lyon Sr. of Detroit and Bimini for 13 years. One of Lyon’s guests, Edward T. Ragsdale of Buick Motors, using a finny crab for bait, took the fish on a seven-ounce tip, 30-pound line and a dragless reel that had to be thumbed. The permit fought for an hour and 25 minutes, and Cass was hooked as firmly as the fish.

“I have come to the conclusion,” Cass says, “that this fish is definitely the hardest to stalk and cast to without flushing and is a far superior fighting fish to any other you will find in shallow water. That includes the bonefish, though I don’t make light of him either.”

To apply himself properly to the permit, Cass built a houseboat, a luxurious 70-footer with a 27-foot beam, in Miami. He towed it to the southern lee of Sawyer Key, which lies in a remote cluster of uninhabited mangrove islets. It is one of the fishiest areas anywhere, rich in bonefish, tarpon, jack crevalle, barracuda, ladyfish and, of course, permit. Nor is it yet crowded with fishermen.

The houseboat, which Cass called the *Yankee Cuzcuzar*, is indeed a kind of seagull motel, with a well-stocked galley and a superb cook. Aboard it Cass can accommodate as many as three couples, though he prefers two. He charges \$125 a day per couple or individual, with a five-day minimum. Liquor is bring-it-yourself, but Cass supplies light spinning tackle.

I had brought along a good two-handed spinning rod that an uninformed New York salesman (“Permit? Permit? Let’s see now”) had sold me as just the thing for permit, though it turned out that it is more suited to light surf casting. Cass sniffed at both rod and reel.

“Too big, both of them,” he said. Still, we loaded the reel with eight-pound test monofilament and set the drag at about four pounds, checking it on a five-pound bag of sugar in the galley. And next morning we set out for my first try at permit.

The day before, Cass had taken a 24 5/8-pound permit, a record in his experience on these flats, though two women guests had previously caught 18 1/2-pounders. The big one was lying in his freezer, a fat-sided mass of muscle, the blue along its back fading into the bright silver of its sides. It looked very like another member of the *Trachinotus* family, the sweet-eating common pompano, though more streamlined. Cass had taken it on a Mud Keys bank and had fought it for an hour and five minutes.

We left the Cossower in one of Cass's shallow-draft outboard skiffs at 7:45 a.m., to catch the start of the flood tide at Content Keys. It was a sunny morning, with clouds only on the horizon, and a moderate north-east breeze. The most favorable wind for permit fishing in the Keys is from the east, but Cass said this one was not too bad.

More fun with bait

Fifteen minutes later he cut the motor and began poling through 12 to 14 inches of water. As he poled Cass gave me instructions on casting to permit.

"It's the same as casting to bone-fish," he said, "except you have to be even more careful. Cast three or four feet in front of him and a foot or so to one side. Never, never cast in back of them. They are in shallow water with no protection, no deep stuff to hide or maneuver in, and they are very timid about any disturbance to the rear. When a permit takes the bait and starts moving away try to set the hook. It may not do much good, because if he is moving straight away from you, the bend of that hook (a 2/0 Eagle Claw) will just be resting in the corner of his jaw and the point will have no place to go. Still, it's best to try. The time to really hook him is when he turns at the end of the run. Hit him hard then, several times."

The bait was the usual fancy crab, about the size of a silver dollar. Cass sometimes uses jigs, but he and Ted Williams, who visits him occasionally, agree that it is more fun to take permit on bait.

"With a jig," he explained, "he grabs it, you set the hook and that's it. There's more suspense with bait. The permit hunts 100% by sight, which makes him fine for artificial lures, but most of the lures are either

permitted

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FISHING continued

too heavy or they don't make the right noise when they hit. Because he hunts by sight, you might have to cast as many as 20 or 30 times to a tailing permit before he quits looking at the bottom and sees your bait."

We saw small sharks and big barracuda cruising over the flats, but for 10 minutes there was no sign of permit. Then we spotted one tailing about 100 feet off our bow. I stood up suddenly for a better view. The fish speckled. A few minutes later I saw another, but before we could get within casting range it moved away. That is the hell and heaven of this fish. It is so wary that the most anyone has caught in a single day of fishing from the Casuarina is three. Only 77 were taken all last season (November through July), and some of those were taken because Cass did the casting.

Smart but powerful

In another 10 minutes Cass, who has the eyes of an osprey, saw a permit, which he said was about 60 feet away. Even with Polaroid sunglasses I could not see the fish, which was not tailing, but I cast in the direction indicated by Cass's forefinger. I could feel something hold the crab, but it did not seem like a strike and Cass, who had lost sight of the fish, suggested I might have hooked bottom.

I held the line firm. It relaxed, and I reeled in very gently, about two turns of the handle. Then the crab began to move out quite slowly. I let it move until the captain yelled at me to strike.

I set the hook as hard as I could. The fish instantly took off on a long, swift run.

"He isn't a big one," Cass said, but it felt like a big one. I was too excited to estimate how far the fish roared on that first run, but it seemed mighty far. When he finally did stop I set the hook again, as Cass had instructed, and this time the fish began the characteristic twisting, lunging, turning, tumbling fight of the permit. I had never experienced anything so wildly unpredictable.

I began to pump the fish in at every brief sulking period. It was impossible to get in more than two or three turns of the reel handle before it would be off again, each time in a different direction, the thrashing ac-

tion of tail and body stirring up bottom, churning the clear water to a muddy turbulence.

After perhaps five minutes, the run became shorter, another indication to Cass that it was not a large fish, though they were still spectacular enough for me. Retrieving line was slow but earning. Ten minutes after the strike I brought my permit alongside, still struggling, and Cass lifted it out.

"About 3½, maybe four pounds," he said. To me, it looked bigger. Besides, I could not understand how anything weighing only four pounds could have fought like that. But the permit's broad sides give it a special advantage over the long and relatively slender bonefish. The permit turns its side at right angles to the pull of the angler, thus making it more difficult to draw it through the water. After I had studied this one, a silver beauty with dark blue fins and tail, Cass released it, and it swam slowly away.

Minutes later Cass poled as into a whole school of tailing permit. He estimated there were 50 to 100 of them. But now I lost control. I became a fumble-fingered, knee-quaking banger. I could not cast with any sense of direction. I slapped the bait into the water just behind the school. That did it. They streaked away.

Cold wave ends it

That morning we visited the flats and reefs of a number of keys and saw several sharks, some barracuda and one terrified bonefish. But the permit had disappeared.

As how and a half before sundown, with a freshening wind from the north, we set out for another string of flats. We saw three permit, but they saw us too, and with the suddenness of a magician's prop, they vanished.

They were the last we were to see on that trip. The permit is extremely sensitive to falling temperatures, and that north wind was coming off a cold wave engulfing the Middle West. Next morning it was blowing 25 knots, there were small craft warnings and the permit hid out in the deep warm channels. Even the pelicans weren't bothering to fish. Nonetheless, I knew now what Cass meant when he said: "I'm devoting the rest of my life to the permit." It makes a pretty good vocation.

END

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Snap, kle and m Boom

ing the season, hockey
ties up loose ends with
power, an old champion
and a settled feud



n years ago a sticky, broad-shouldered hockey player was sling slap shots above in the real Forum. A reporter, hearing the continuous sound of a puck sliding from the boards, knew the shooter was Bernard Geoffrion, a shooter from a junior team, dedicated to self-improvement. Looking in, the reporter shouted: Hey, Geoffrion, I've got a nickname for you. Want to be called Boom or Boom? "Boo," said Geoffrion. At precisely 10:53 p.m. on Wednesday, March 18, Boom Boom Geoffrion, one of the Montreal Canadiens, slapped home his 50th goal of the National Hockey League season, thus becoming the second player in history to do so. (The other, quite naturally, was the incomparable Maurice Richard, who managed it in 1944-45.) Boom Boom's feat made him one of the last authentic heroes of the six months of snap-and-heckle theatrics that comprised the 1984-85 NHL season. Last week, with the Stanley Cup tournament, that drama came to an end, with the

MEMBER (FROM BOOM) GEOFFRION ON WAY TO TYING A LEAGUE

Toronto Maple Leafs, in worry sixth-place straits a few years back, had challenged the Habs' supremacy. With Left Winger Frank Mahovlich leading the charge and threatening to grab the second that Geoffrion eventually got, Toronto even took over first place and gained a three-point advantage over Montreal. Quietly and respectfully, however, the Canadiens and Boom Boom picked up again and as they went they swept most of the honours with them. The final games put them on top by two points over Toronto, and with 50 goals to his credit, Geoffrion led the league in goals, leaving Mahovlich two behind.

The Maple Leafs did manage, however, to outdo the Canadiens in one department. For the past five years Montreal's snarled goals, Jacques Plante, has won the Vezina Trophy for giving up the fewest goals in regular-season games. This year, with Plante

Bower, that ankle Louie's net, stopped win the award for the very last drama wrote a tedious lead to hot-tempered Toronto's last stand. Ever since January's recovery, P'sering dark t In the Ring Olmstead's at toll toll him. The train are moonbe worth fo The Ne what it not ho again his as

ASKEBALL

Round from page 10

usual to its tenacious defense. Defense had nothing to do with terminating the winner at Portland, third Billy McGill, their 6-foot-9 star who has the speed of a dash an, Utah accomplished what it has no so often this season—exhausting opponent with its fast-break attack and then romping to an easy in. The Utes did it against Loyola

Los Angeles Friday night, 91-75, against surprising Arizona State on Saturday night, Utah raced to 17 night points late in the first half hile State couldn't score at all, and at was enough for an 88-60 win, he night before, Arizona had pulled re tournament's biggest upset by oundly beating Southern California 5-71.

The four teams going to Kansas ty have an interesting combination traits and talents. Two, Ohio State d Utah, have superb offenses with ist, accurate attacks. They rank second and third nationally, with shooting percentages of 49.5 and 49.4. Cincinnati and St. Joseph's have ore deliberate—and less effective—fenses, but Cincinnati has its deense and St. Joseph's has that tournament intangibles: the role of underdog rith nothing to lose.

Louisville proved that Ohio State an be cut down, but St. Joseph's, chich plays OSU in the semifinal, e not likely to do it. In Jack Eggen he team has a very good jump shot, ut the guards are too short at 5 feet 1 and 6 feet to cope with Ohio State's arry Siegfried (6 feet 4) and Mel ewell (6 feet 2), nor does St. Joseph's ave the height in the front court to ry Louisville's gamble of putting hree men around Lucas.

When Cincinnati meets Utah it is ily that Bearcat Coach Jucker will ot risk putting Hogue on McGill, r McGill has the moves and shots to rce Hogue to foul out in five minies. This leaves 6-foot-2 Tom Thacker with the unenviable job of guarding McGill and, with burly 6-foot-4 Bob Wiesenbahr, much of the responsibility for the rebounding that Cincinnati must have. On the other hand, Cincinnati is just the team to jam Utah's fast break. Utah has shown lately that it can operate at a slower speed, but it has not faced a team with Cincinnati's defensive finesse.

Thus, if Hogue fouls out, Utah should be in, but if he does not, there will be the clash of basic basketball styles—offense against defense—that has often of late been resolved in favor of the defense.

A Utah-Ohio State finale would set up a dazzling battle of centers that could well amount to a stand-off. McGill has shown he can accomplish more offensively than Lucas, but Lucas is unquestionably a better defensive center. If they cancel each other, Ohio State would be likely to win on two counts: defense, at which it far surpasses Utah, and team balance. But if McGill can greatly out-score Lucas or lure him into foul

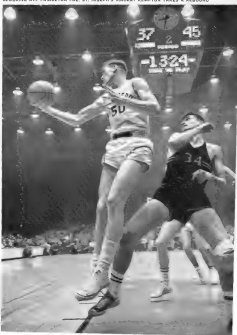
trouble (which nobody has ever done) Utah could win it all.

If Cincinnati makes the finale it might very well control the backboards as it has all season. But it shares the same reserve weakness that Ohio State has (nobody will have a strong bench at Kansas City) and must live once again like a man on the edge of a cliff because of Hogue's fouling. Ohio State has just the driving offense to force Hogue to foul.

Thus, though there may be a blistering offensive battle in the finale at Kansas City if Utah gets past Cincinnati, it looks like wise old Adolph Rupp is right: Ohio State all the way.

END

BLOCKING OFF PRINCETON FGE, ST. JOSEPH'S EMMENT KEMPTON TAKES A REBOUND



THE OGRE YIELDS

continued from page 36

the rope for us. When we all had made it safely across we hardly talked about this. You don't talk about such things when you are climbing.

Then we moved up to the Ice Hose, so called because in summer it is a collecting point for water, which spurts out as from a hose. We found a ridge and installed ourselves for the second bivouac. We had made only 90 yards up that day, but this was normal, considering we had had to cross the Hinterseisser. In this bivouac we had to sleep in a sitting position with our legs hanging over the precipice.

THIRD DAY. We found the Ice Hose too brittle for climbing, so we made a detour and climbed straight up a rock face on our crampons. We traversed the ice field and camped the third night on the Flatiron, about 100 feet away from the Death Bivouac, the place where two men had died in a storm on the North Wall. The Death Bivouac would have been far more comfortable than the one we chose, but we felt it would be bad luck to camp there. Our own bivouac was less than a foot wide. We had a bad night's sleep, roped together against the wall,

and we paid the price for our superstition in fatigue the next day.

FOURTH DAY. In the morning we went 100 feet to the left to the Death Bivouac and saw ruefully how comfortable it would have been. Now we had to cross ice that was polished like a skating rink, and we did it with our ice pitons. By noon we had reached the Ramp, a corridor straight up, and by 5:30 we had climbed through and decided to stop for the day in a fairly good bivouac.

Every night I had been studying the barometer. The weather had been mercifully calm, far better than one could even have hoped in winter on the Eiger. But now I noticed, to my great distress, that the air pressure had dropped four points in a few hours, an almost certain sign of a storm. And a storm on the North Wall can mean death. I did not tell my friends. I am not the most religious person in the world, but I prayed long that night, and, thank God, in the morning the weather was beautiful. Now we were almost 2,000 feet from the top.

This night had been my most difficult mentally. The only thing that had enabled me to see the night through was prayer and the ability to put my wife and three children

right out of my mind. It has to be that way. If you think of your family you become anxious and you make mistakes. Instead you must think always of your climbing comrades. For on a four-man rope every man is dependent on the others. I will show you how close we felt to one another: there were inevitably times of great tension, when one man on the rope would momentarily lose his temper and shout something like, "Give me the goddam rope." Every time this happened—and it was natural that it would—the offender would soon unleash a whole torrent of apology and keep it up for what seemed like hours.

FIFTH DAY. We encountered a 30-yard field of ice of the sixth degree of difficulty, the maximum that any climber can handle. Then we came to an ice chimney through which each of us would have to climb straight up and out. Both sides of the chimney were solid rock glazed with ice. Kinskofer, whom nothing stops, went up 50 feet and ran into a blockage of ice. He tried to knock it away, but it would not move. Taking an awful chance, he threw both arms around the ice and pulled himself up. Just above the ice he found a rock hook embedded by a summer climber, and he clamped onto it. That very instant the blockage, on which he was standing, fell away. Kinskofer dropped three feet, but the old hook held. We followed him up and bivouacked after making only 150 feet the whole day. Now we were spending our fifth night on the mountain. We were on a ledge only a few inches wide and all huddled together. Almburger slept sitting on a jutting piece of rock about a foot square, and he sat there all night. To make matters worse, three inches of snow fell on us and there were high winds.

SIXTH DAY. We found beautiful weather again, and our progress became faster and faster. But it was on this morning that we came to the notorious White Spider. This is a big pool of snow into which gullies and rivulets of snow and ice enter from all sides. It looks like a big white spider hanging vertically there, and in summer it is a collecting place for all the avalanches and rockfalls on the wall. But now it was firm, and we slashed through it at a 65° angle. We thought perhaps we might make the



MOUNTAINEER HEINRICH HARRER TURNS FROM TELESCOPE TRAINED ON NORTH WALL



THE HANDS WERE ON NEARLY VERTICAL SNOW FIELD. CLIMBERS WERE ACROSS SNOW'S FACE BELOW DEATH SNOW.

[illegible]

with my feet and head and upper body hanging passed in space above a 5,000-foot drop and only my rump touching mother earth.

But it didn't matter. We were sure that this was to be our last night on the mountain. We all of us agreed that we were so close to the top—that we were so close—that we would only 300 yards away—that we would happily have stood up all night.

SEVENTH DAY. We met on Sunday morning at 7 o'clock. We didn't sit at all, our hearts were so full of joy. We could see the end; Marshall wanted to run up this last snow fence without ropes, but this was where my friend Lily Wynn had perished and I would have none of this. We took an extra long hour with ropes, but we were scarce. We were so happy we began to joke. Just before we got to the summit somebody said, "Let's hurry up and get over the top to the north side so if we fall we will fall nice and comfortably in the snow."

At 10:45 in the morning the Russians were wrong himself over the top,

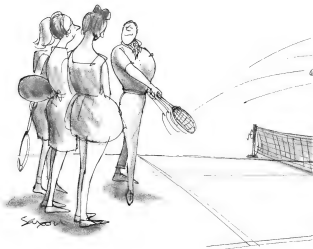
and we followed. There were no
marble eyes of cinema. Each
looked the other in the eye and
"Thank you." We had five min-
utes, took our tops off and the
gains, climbing back down the
West Bank. Halfway we were
by Kaspar von Almshausen
yacht, and we drank a toast,
a thrill to hear him shout, "I
suffered too!" To tell the
we had been afraid he was a
hand us out for taking seven
Looking back, it was the
that enabled us to climb
in winter, it held steady for
time. I do not think we so
granted if the weather had
but we would have had to
trust. As it turned out, it
difficult but not the re-
we had ever made. On
things relatively. Sky
bigger narrowed it up, a
hanger to the hotel, it
began to climb up it
"What happened up there?"
"Nothing happened."
why we are here now.

MY LIFE AT THIRTY-LOVE

First there were Brenda and Frank, and then came Mr. Gemini; then gym teacher
after gym teacher and a climactic afternoon in Switzerland. This
is the story of a young girl's struggle in a world of competitive sport,
and how her dream came true at last—pukka sabits, white flannels and all

by NORA JOHNSON

Illustrations by Charles Dixon



Let me say right off that I believe in tennis, the way I believe in antique oriental rugs, or good wine, or people who make me laugh. There are a great many sports I can't say this for—practically all the rest, as a matter of fact, because I have spent so many years competing with them for the attention of men without much success. I have occasionally wondered how many hours of this precious life I have wasted desperately trying to break the flood gate of some man who is staring at a football field, a baseball field, a riskful of hockey players four miles down at the bottom of Madison Square Garden, or a television screen showing a pair of dumb and clearly miserable prizefighters. All the hours have been made worse by the fact that I don't understand my enemy: another woman is nothing compared to a baseball game.

Besides this major frustration, there is the fact that every winter, from the age of 7 or 8 until I graduated from college,

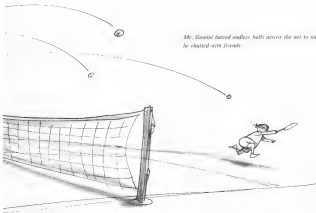
I was haunted by the constant threat of Team Sports. From an early age, the world was forcibly divided into two hostile groups—my side and the other side. It began with basic campaigns in Central Park, when the girls would climb over the rocks to attack the boys with snowballs and showers of pebbles, or would march into enemy territory and take them on in hand-to-hand battle. This game of simple hatred branched out into the more complicated ones of team sports at girls' schools, where we were divided into Reds and Whites, or Gargoyles and Griffins. There we learned the more subtle techniques of softball, lacrosse, soccer, volleyball, basketball, dodge ball, field hockey, and any number of other contests that the gym departments thought good for us.

There is no worse sight on the face of the earth than a field full of dirty, sweating, ham-broiled girls in shin guards, flapping around with hockey sticks and yelling invective at each other. The authori-

ties, alas, were convinced that this was the way to instill the golden quality of team spirit. The result was, of course, that the members of the team always hated each other, or at least hated me, and I hated them.

I remember boarding school lacrosse as being particularly nightmarish. I was always goalie, for some reason, and since I wore glasses I was shackled into about 15 pounds of glasses guard and catcher's mask; naturally, this Iron Maiden meant that I could neither see nor move my head, and when the inevitable ball flew past me into the goal real team-spirit hatred would break loose. "What's the matter, Johnson? You blind? Are you asleep? They've won, you jerk!" and so on, when all I asked was to be kind and gentle and generous. When the manner had deteriorated into shrieking mayhem (it was really only an excuse for everyone to get rid of her hostility), the gym teacher would stride into the fray with an expression of pure blissful fulfillment

continued



Mr. Groul hated endless balls across the net to me while he chatted with friends.



THIRTY-LOVE *continued*

on her face. "There, there, girls. After all, it's only a game. You'll have a chance to trounce each other again tomorrow." And she would go off toward the locker room a happy woman. Sadism had triumphed again; the girls were learning team spirit.

One might easily assume that all this would be more than enough to put me off all sports forever. But actually it was the hidden brainwashing that I objected to, more than the idea of using one's muscles. A little exercise seemed like a good idea, as long as it wasn't carried too far. There was nothing like it for getting rid of the old flab. Tennis was one of the few sports that seemed fair, reasonable and civilized. Both my parents were tennis players when I was very young. In Los Angeles, and I have dim memories of them bounding off with their rackets, my mother in a white shark-skin tennis dress that came to her knees and a white headache band. Occasionally they won a small cup for mixed doubles at the Bel Air Bay Club, and these were displayed on the mantelpiece. Now, most children, by the time they reach 10 or 11, wouldn't be caught dead liking anything their parents liked, just on general principle. But I had to admit that they really looked nice and cheerful when they went off to play, and they *still* looked cheerful when they came back, even if they hadn't won. They may have been a little damp, but they weren't steaming with mud and sweat; they didn't have to wear shin guards or glasses guards and, most amaz-

ing of all, they clearly managed to remain on perfectly good terms with their opponents.

Besides this, I had a secret sentimental vision of tennis. It came from a picture in an old cartoon book, and it must have been drawn around 1910. It showed a doll-like young lady, with eyes like eggs and a long skirt, gracefully poised on the court with her racket in the air, and a dashing opponent with moustache, straw boater and a sporting but passionate expression on his face. Underneath it said:

"What is the score?" asked Brenda.

"Thirty LOVE," answered Frank, meaningfully.

This struck a half-conscious response in me that went far beyond the gentle pun. Here was a situation in which a man and a woman could compete with each other, and instead of ending up by bathing each other over the head with their rackets, their relationship would deepen with every smack of the ball. This was what I was looking for, and when I was around 12, in New York, I asked my mother if I could take tennis lessons—not because *she* was a tennis player, but because it was the only sport my highly discriminating palate could tolerate.

My tennis teacher was named Mr. Gemini, or something like that, and he

operated out of the 33rd Street Armory. He was a vision of cool perfection in white flannels and polka-dot ascot, and he continually combed his hair. Twice a week I went there for an hour of the most elaborate pretense on everybody's part. My mother pretended that she didn't care a bit whether I learned tennis. I pretended that she had shanghaied me into the whole thing, and Mr. Gemini made a bare and feeble effort to pretend that he was interested in the proceedings. He told my mother that he thought I had the makings of a champion and sent her on her way, and then he and I settled down to business.

He stood on one side of the net, I stood on the other. He would then bat about 50 balls to me, forehand, one after another, and I would bat them at the ceiling, into the net or down to the other end of the room. Both of us quickly gave up pretending and settled into an honest relationship; I fervently wanted to learn tennis, and Mr. Gemini wished he were doing anything else on earth but teaching me. We always played on the court nearest the door so Mr. Gemini could chat with the people who came in and out, and there were plenty of them. Sometimes there were six or eight people on the court, all jabbering away with Mr. Gemini, while he continued to send

continued



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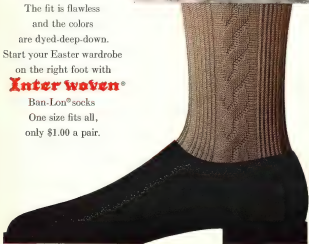
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endless balls over, like a machine, and I desperately returned them in the wrong direction.

After a while I improved. It might have just been practice, or it might have been the fact that I wanted badly to capture his attention—just for a minute, to prove that it was all real—but soon I was able to hit the balls right back at Mr. Gemini. No doubt he found this startling, but at that point the school year ended and the lessons ended with it. He told me that if I kept at it I'd be just fine, and hustled me out with visible relief.

After this I had enough mixed confidence to try and pass myself off as a tennis player among the girls at school. I had a friend who was slightly better than I because she had been told to keep running around the court, even if nothing was going on, while I continued to stand in one spot. "Run, Johnson, run!" she would say, and when I ran, she screamed with laughter. "My God, what footwork! How can you even walk? Are your sneakers too big?" When she had got me in motion, she suggested we take on two classmates, who were junior champions, in a doubles game. I have no idea what made her suggest this, but at the time it sounded quite reasonable, and we went over to the courts at Gracie Square one day for what I thought was a simply marvelous game. A few balls went back and forth across the net as many as three times, which was a new experience to me. During a lull I asked my partner why the junior champions didn't trot around the court. "They don't have to, you fool. We haven't hit any balls to them yet. Besides, don't you realize they're playing left-handed?" They beat us 6-0, thanked us politely and left in a storm of giggles.

That was the end of self-confidence—I never really had it again, after that. It was also the beginning of a deep-rooted tennis neurosis, which I still haven't got over. It has always amazed me that the simple desire to learn one pleasant sport has been the source of such dark mental conflict, but the fact is it is simply impossible for me to be detached about tennis. A good deal of it

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THIRTY-LOVE *continued*

probably derives from gym teachers. I took tennis every spring at school and college, and each year I was greeted by a new teacher who told me I had learned everything wrong and would have to start all over again with a new grip, a new serve and new optimism.

Apparently I was as tempting to gym teachers as a mass of fresh clay is to a sculptor. I was a remarkable example of the misuse of perfectly good energy. Probably if I had been a scrawny, lethargic

type they wouldn't have bothered. But when I arrived on the court, burning with eagerness and built like a lady wrestler, they knew their moment of creation was at hand. In occasional nightmares I can still see them stalking toward me, rubbing their hands and grinning with apparent good will, while underneath it all they are dying to do something about my backhand. Occasionally they would moan with frustration, "Oh, Johnson, what a smashing



serve you'd have if you could only get it over the net." If I went off on a far court with a friend who, like me, simply wanted to plunk the ball back and forth in a restful manner, Miss Ace Rendage would appear on the scene. "Seash it, Johnson! Kiv it! You could have taken that point! What's the matter with you?" As usual, I was surrounded by people who wanted to make me into a cutthroat competitor, when all I wanted was a little peace.

Of course all this had an effect, and when I was around 18 I challenged my mother to a game one summer in Switzerland. By this time even the sight of a court was enough to plunge me into terrible mental turmoil. There was, first of all, the vision of peace and civilized sport. At the other extreme was the stark competitive spirit that the world was forcing on me, and finally there was the fact that the learning process, for me, was based on a series of deep humiliations. Competing with my mother across the net finished off the whole mess with a flourish.

It was a curious game. She stood in one spot in the middle of the court, hitting balls where I couldn't return them, and the worst of it was, she seemed bored. If I happened to glance at her while tearing toward the net to return some tiny little shot, she was either yawning or staring off dreamily at the Alps. Finally I snapped, "Why don't you *move*?" She replied, with perfect logic, "Why should I? Your balls never go any-where but right in front of me." "Oh, hell," I said, and stomped off the court, leaving the score where it stood, 4-0 in her favor.

That was the final blow against the peaceful tennis of my Mr. Gernini days. The facts of life were at last borne in on me: I admitted to myself that if I kept at this demanding game I would have to learn to hit the balls where my opponent couldn't return them. If I sound retarded about grasping basic principles, it simply proves the world of difference between the sports-minded and the non-sports-minded, between the warriors and the pure in heart.

The day after my mother flamed me in Switzerland, I watched a match that added a new dimension to the whole

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thing. It was between a silent Englishman who was staying at our hotel and a rusty and inscrutable Chinese. The Englishman had been following me around in an unobtrusive (and therefore uninteresting) manner ever since we had been there, and since he was the only possible man around, I had wished, oh how I had wished, that he would suddenly discover a new hair tonic or toothpaste and glamorize before my eyes. He never did until the tennis game, which was a study of the fine British tradition of restrained sportsmanship pitted against a new and deadly kind of competitive spirit. Probably the Chinese was mainly playing good tennis, but at the time it seemed foul and underhanded, and the Englishman's neat and honest game had all the spectators on his side. Things were fairly even until the Englishman won the set with one marvelous shot just on the base line that his supercilious opponent hadn't dreamed would be inside. When this happened, the Englishman suddenly became a dynasty of sex appeal as far as I was concerned, and remained so until we parted, sadly, two weeks later.

The addition of sex to tennis really added to the turmoil. Several years later I met an attractive man at a party, who, after we had covered life, God, politics and Russia, asked me if I would like to play tennis with him that weekend. Would I? ("What is the score?" asked Brenda. "Thirty love," answered Frank, meaningfully.) When I realized what I had done, I dissolved into a cold panic. He turned up at the appointed hour, and we faced each other, each in our white shorts and sneakers, and then set off for the Riverview Tennis Courts, on the Harlem River, he cheerfully, me wishing I were dead.

In spite of Brenda and Frank, and peace and purity of heart, and love in the Alps, I was about to voluntarily subject this new and promising relationship to the severest ordeal, one which it probably wouldn't survive. Brenda and Frank, after all, must have known each other fairly well; they had clearly lived in the days before female emancipation, and when Brenda soaked

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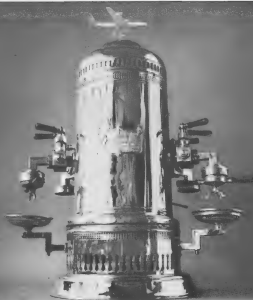
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I took up tennis again in Saudi Arabia, where we went after we were married. The oil company there employed a sort of camp counselor, whose function was to organize activities that would keep the employees from going quietly insane. It was he who chose cheerful records to be played at the radio station, who organized a square-dancing group and who just generally ran around helping people adjust. He played very good tennis, and he offered to give lessons, for two afternoons a week, to any maladjusted wives who needed a little therapy. Several of us turned up, and a few brought their children; it gave the game a challenging new dimension to have to tap over somebody's two-year-old sitting in the middle of the court, quietly chewing on a ball. The camp counselor, whose name was Bertie, told me that of course I would have to reclaim my grip, my serve and my footwork, but aside from that he was sure I'd be fine. I did so, and for two weeks I made a stunning improvement. I cartwheeled around the court, lobbed, smashed and did clever things at the net, and went home afterwards in a dither of excitement. Then, just as suddenly, I began to get worse and worse. "Don't worry," said Bertie. "It's only a plateau. It's part of the learning process. You'll probably just stay like this for months, then you'll get better again." I pointed out to Bertie that my plateau seem to run sharply downhill and that the only logical thing to do was stop practicing and save what I had left for special occasions, but he smiled wisely and told me to go off in a corner and practice the serve. I was terribly discouraged; all the women with babies, who had never lifted a racket before they came to Bertie's classes, could now have beaten me blindfolded.

But there was a faint ray of cheer. Just having played well, for those two glorious weeks, was like water for the thirsty camel. Having once been on top of Everest, I could at least say I'd done it, even if I never went again. This may seem cow-like, but my discouraging tennis history had made the goal low and the gratitude high. So, I hastily kept at it, serving codskin balls to no-

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THIRTY-LOVE *continued*

body on the other side of the net and jumping over the babies when they got in the way.

Other things happened, too, that permitted me to relax. I had a baby; motherhood had removed Brenda from the court and gave her a marvelous excuse to play infrequently and not very well, and she could now blame all her old faults on lower-back pain and *poor parietal psychosis*. It was really very soothing to sit there at dusk, with the breezes coming in from the desert, and let one's husband worry about it. I could feel my dark, neurotic tennis attitudes peeling away like old skin with every peaceful *thud-thud-thud* of the ball.

Around this time the PGOLTA arrived. Loosely translated, this stands for Persian Gulf Oil Companies Lawn Tennis Association, and it meant that a group of British local champions from Basra, Kuwait, Qatar and Bahrain came to town to challenge our local champion, mainly Bertie and the couple who lived next door to us. Our neighbors set a remarkable example of family tennis. They had both won several enormous parish-bowls in other PGOLTA tournaments, and whenever they played they took their small son along and gave him a racket, with which he bashed the

other children over the head. The whole cycle was starting again.

I talked to the wife over the front-yard fence, just before the women's singles match, trying to find the secret of her success. She said she dreaded the match because she absolutely hated playing with women. Her husband had taught her, and she played a man's game of tennis, a smashing game. Women were so unpredictable, and they took the game so personally. She used to be the same way herself, and she had only become good when she firmly resolved never to let her feelings be hurt any more. After all, it was only a game. She carried off her son, who was crowning my daughter with a racket, and went off to trouble Mrs. Bellamy-Jones of Basra.

That evening, after the matches were over, the British champions sat under the oleander bushes with their pink gins, talking about oil production, and really it was frightful what we Americans let the natives get away with here, and why on earth didn't we clamp down? I can't remember who won, but it doesn't make any difference. They behaved as though tennis were the last thing in the world that could possibly interest them. They might have been numb with stage fright—or court fright—before, and they may have been equally numb with defeat now, but I simply wasn't good form to let on, and so we didn't know about it. It was the old dream at last, white flannels and patkas and all.

I thought of all the men staring at all the baseball fields and tennis courts and television screens. Of course, it wasn't really that they had anything against me personally. It was just that I was different, and more confusing. The truth of the matter was that Frank had probably been bored to death playing with Brenda, too. Behind that passionate face and tender phrase he had probably been insane with frustration. ("Kill it, you idiot! Smash it! Is the blind? God, never again!")

But the difference was, of course, that Brenda *never* even knew about it. **END**

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Basketball's Week

by NERVIN HYMAN

While college basketball shuddered under the impact of its second major scandal in a decade (see page 18), some of the nation's leading teams went grimly about their business in the postseason tournaments. In the biggest and brightest one—the NCAA—the preliminaries were over. Defending champion Ohio State, Cincinnati, Utah and, surprisingly, St. Joseph's survived the regional eliminations and now all four teams head for Kansas City and the semifinals (see page 23).

THE NIT

The NIT, too, was busting its way toward a weekend climax in New York's Madison Square Garden. While seeded Niagara and Dayton looked on with understandably growing concern, unseeded St. Louis, in the tournament only because defeating champion Bradley elected not to compete, and Holy Cross moved convincingly into Thursday's semifinals.

St. Louis, demonstrating the fine ball-control and defense that had earned it the respect of the Missouri Valley Conference, squirmed past Miami 88-66 and Colorado State U. 69-53. The competent Blkins, assigned to end by the ball-stealing, driving and playmaking of Miami's feisty little Dick Hickies, finally caught the Hurricanes when Tom Kieffer took a perfect lead pass from Don Reid and curled in a layup with three seconds to play. Overly cautious Colorado State U. was less troublesome. The conservative Nazis spent most of the game fiddling around outside, shot sparingly and badly and couldn't stop the Blifs' 6-foot-7 Bill Nordmann, who rebounded robustly and skated the State defenders for 23 points.

Holy Cross, small, slick, and quite adjustable, was even more impressive as it worked its way past Detroit 86-82 and Memphis State 81-69. Against Detroit, Jack (The Shot) Foley's quickly flipped jumpers (he scored 39 points), a neatly timed switch to a compact zone and eight straight foul shots in the last two minutes by imperturbable Tim Shea pulled Holy Cross through to victory. Two nights later the Crusaders threw a peppy press at rugged Memphis State, maneuvered the Tigers' 6-foot-8 Wayne Yates and 6-foot-6 Frank Snyder and Gene Wilking into early foul trouble and whipped their bigger rivals soundly. This time Foley scored 24 points and Shea added 17 more.

Providence and Temple also scored

first-round victories. Spurred on by an extremely vocal band of roosters and a sweet-tooting band, Providence trapped DePaul in its scrambling zone and beat the Blue Demers 73-67. The Friars' feisty John Ryan was rarely more brilliant, fanning off only infrequently. Eggs faked, dribbled and drove through and around the gawking DePaul defenders for 34 points, clearly outshone sharpshooting Eric Blake Carl, who tried desperately to keep the losers alive with his 23 points.

Temple, going into the tournament with wistful memories of its first (and only) NIT championship in 1938, had visions of another title after overpowering Army 79-66. The Owls, defending tenaciously with a loose zone and attacking precisely under the direction of skilful playmaker Bruce Drysdale, got away to a 22-28 lead in the first half and had more than enough left to withstand the Cadets' late barrage. But Coach Harry Litwack had his fingers crossed. He still had to face Dayton Tuesday night.

THE SMALL COLLEGES

The concentration and enthusiasm was just as great in Evansville, Ind., where the NCAA small-college division title was at stake, and in Kansas City, where 32 teams fied away in the NAIA tournament.

Although the home-town favorite had been eliminated in the district playoffs, Evansville played the part of a perfect host. The townspeople turned out in respectable numbers on Wittenberg, a small Lutheran road college (enrollment: 1,694) located in Springfield, Ohio moved efficiently, if not spectacularly, to the NCAA arena.

Wittenberg, which specializes in ball control and a tight zone defense, had an easy time disposing of Williams 84-83



FREE BALL stuns Wittenberg's Fisher (32) and Price (44) in NCAA small-college victory over Southeast Missouri.

and Mount St. Mary's 65-48, but Southeast Missouri was another matter in the final. The rangy Indians, who had beaten revitalized Chicago 87-81 and South Dakota State 81-69 in the early rounds, were every bit as miserly with their shots as Wittenberg. Both teams probed cautiously, shot carefully and defended stubbornly, but in the end Wittenberg prevailed 43-38 as Guard Don Wolfe quarterbacked the offense superbly and 6-foot-2 freshman Al Thrasher scored 14 points.

In Kansas City adaptable Grumbles' tall and talented team ran when it found the way clear, squeaked the ball when it had to and won the NAIA championship. The swift Tigers from Louisiana shrugged off Linfield (Ore.) 107-95, Penn (Neb.) State 80-60 and Anderson (Ind.) 68-54, then beat top-seeded Westminster (Pa.) at its own game in the semifinals. Grumbles slowed down its attack considerably, took only the good shots and beat the Titans 45-44 on Rex Tippitt's jump shot with two minutes to go. After that it was easy. The Tigers changed the tempo against Georgetown (Ky.) in the final, turned loose Herschel West for 25 points, 6-foot-3 Willie Reed and 6-foot-7 Charlie Handsett for 23 apiece and Tippitt for 29, and won 95-78.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TIGERS AND ELEPHANTS

Sirs:

Congratulations on Gilbert Rogie's free coverage of the third Patterson-Johannsen fight (*A Matter of Heart*, March 20) and your excellent comment that Sonny Liston must be given his fair and well-deserved shot at the title (*Shorecards*, March 20).

After viewing Floyd, who looked like a drunken moonshiner on roller skates, and Ingo, who more closely resembled an elephant with a broken leg, I'm more convinced than ever that Sonny could have drop-kicked these two "tigers" into total retirement for good.

HARRY SANFORD

Los Angeles

Sirs:

The Moment of Decision, which I illustrated (*What Fags Must Do to Win*, March 18), came in the first round—as I figured it would—at the instant before Ingemar was hit and sent down. This, as the photograph shows (right), is where it was win or lose for both men. Ingemar's best punch, the straight right, if used here when Floyd, cornered and in desperation, was "opening up to throw his left," would have finished Pattemore. But instead, Ingo finished and got hit, and the champions got off the hook.

ROBERT RUDIN

Brooklyn

FIELD VS. CAVE

Sirs:

I don't think Ray Cave remembered the University of San Francisco basketball team of a few years ago when he called this year's Ohio State basketball team the "best of all time" (*The Field Against the Benchers*, March 13). I only wonder how many of Jerry Lucas' short shots would be jammed down his throat by Phil Westport's greatest of all teams, which was 60 straight games in a little over two years. That team was composed of Russell, Jones, Perry, Melton, Brown and Farmer. Three of them are now playing pro basketball, and Bill Russell is still the greatest defensive player of all time.

DICK McBRIDE

Chicago

UNEVEN PARALLELS

Sirs:

I especially enjoyed the pictures of Ramo's gymnasts (*Dance of the Gyms*, March 15). It is about time this truly worthwhile sport received the recognition it deserves.

Gymnastics, a sport that demands strength, intelligence and stamina, has qualities every sport should have.

JEFFREY STRICKSON

Roslyn, Pa.

Sirs:

You state that the Soviet gymnasts placed "was over America's best in competition at West Chester (Pa.) State Teachers College." Doris Fuchs of Rochester won the uneven parallel bars event with 9.666 points, over Larisa Latynina (whom you pictured) and Tamara Ljikhina, her closest Soviet rivals who were tied at 9.600 points.

PAUL C. MARCUS

Indianapolis

TITANIC HUSTLER

Sirs:

Every so often *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* prints an article that sends me into transports of delight. This time it's *The Pool Hustler* (March 26).



INGO'S MOMENT OF DECISION: AN ARTIST RISER FORESAW IT, AND AS IT HAPPENED

An old pal of mine, Bones Harding, who used to saddle around Kansas City, 46 years ago, tells this story about Titanic Slim Thompson. He was a pretty fair golfer (optional left-hand champion, if you can believe the stories) and used to challenge a mark on the links now and then. After a well-planned series of insults, Titanic would finally goad the poor guy into a match with "his" 12-year-old son. Of course, it turned out that the "son" was a pro golfer, named Yockey, who at 36 was a little too old for maddling, and at 4 feet a little short for anything else.

Incidentally, legend has it that Titanic, a born cynic, got his nickname by betting that the "unsinkable" ship of the same name would sink.

HAL SPORN

New York City

LOVE STORY

Sirs:

Congratulations on printing Maurice Dreesen's great story of the Godolphin Arabian (*The Loss of a Desert Prince*, March 15). I think this is the finest horse story I have ever read, and a great short story by any criteria.

CYRUS ALSTIN

New York City

CUTTING ROOM

Sirs:

Fred Smith's interview with Mase Rohan (*You Could Play Golf in Those Shirts*, March 6) points up the unbelievable lack of courtesy on the part of the European couture toward American designers, and the ability of Americans to



accept Paris fashion diets with childlike Mecca adoration.

It would be unthinkable for American designers not to give credit to European designers who have brought certain fashion trends to the world. But, Mr. Rohan slips over Claire McCardell, Bonnie Cashin, Radi Gorenreich, Bill Arden, Jeanne Campbell and Penelope Squires without a nod, and every one of them has contributed to the very look he describes. He also fails to credit the American woman, who has brought sporting fashion elegance to his very backyard. Mr. Rohan has rarely stated facts which most present-day American sportswear designers as longer even bother to mention.

JOHN WHITE
WHEAT RIDGE, 1959

New York City



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PAT ON THE BACK



FAYE MOSES

A circus in town

Kids in St. Petersburg, Fla. don't have to hang on a garden swing and dream about joining a circus. Thanks to pretty Faye Moses, they can run right around the block and do it. Faye, shown here guiding a youngster through a high-wire bicycle act, is senior supervisor of parks and playgrounds in St. Pete. Four years ago, to spice up the local recreation program, she started a city-sponsored youth circus. Today it boasts 350 performers, ranging in age from 5 to 21, who work out daily on everything from the high wire to the flying tra-

pens. They give one major show a year and many smaller ones for local business organizations.

While Faye uses belts, guide ropes and nets for safety (the only accident has been a dislocated elbow), she has no hesitation in teaching all the professional routines and keeps careful tabs on her big-time competitors. "I got quite a kick out of seeing some particular act billed as the only one of its kind in the world," says Faye, who got her own circus training at Florida State University. "Many times it is already being done by my kids."

A Skipper from Scratch

Marblehead's Ted Hood, known as a sailmaker, now not only races his boats but builds them, too

by ERIK LUND

Frederick E. (Ted) Hood of the famous sailing port of Marblehead is a laconic fellow, but he has a combination of talents seldom found in a single sailor. At 33, Ted Hood is one of the top half dozen sailors in the country. He is one of the two or three top sailmakers. Recently he began designing sailing hulls—with immediate success. If Roger Maris manufactured the bats he used, sold them to all the very best players and successfully managed the Giants, he would hold a comparable position in baseball.

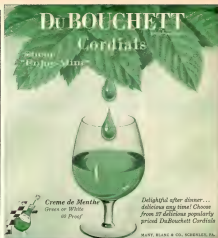
One of Hood's most recent feats in competitive sailing was in August when he came down to the New York Yacht Club cruise (a series of prestige events) with a new centerboard yawl of his own design carrying Hood sails, and beat the fleet for the Astor Cup.

"Our crew was just three couples," said Hood, "and the girls weren't too used to sailing. The men got pretty tired running around and changing the sails. Some of the other boats had seven strong men on board."

This is a long speech for Ted. He probably made it because he couldn't resist giving the New Yorkers the old Yankee rub. Ordinarily he is a mixture of grave reserve, some shyness (which lessens considerably after a drink) and deep underlying warmth.

In the office of his sail loft, he is ill at ease with strangers. He glances quickly from under a mop of dark hair when asked a question, fiddling with objects on his desk. The questioner is likely to have a long wait for the answer, such as it is. John Collins, a close friend, says he sailed with Hood for three years without being able to remember a single instance when Ted spoke long enough

continued



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Skipper from Scratch *continued*

to complete a paragraph. When sailing, Ted's young and pretty wife Susan never bothers to ask her husband what is going on, but always asks the crew instead.

Yet Hood makes it clear that, in his opinion, he is a successful sailmaker because he makes better sails than anyone else. And he is not bashful about seizing opportunity. When the 1964 hurricane hit New England, Hood bought boats for salvage, fixed them and sold out at a good profit. These profits were added to those of the loft, which grossed \$80,000 that year and which will gross \$300,000 this year.

In the last America's Cup trials, three boats used Hood's sails wholly or partly, and the successful defender, *Cotécois*, flew a Hood spinnaker. This is about as much prestige as a sailmaker can get.

In the America's Cup trials Hood's talent for sailing came in just as handy as his sails. He was picked for the sailing brain trust on the 19-year-old *Vim*, which almost defeated newer and presumably faster candidates. When Hood arrives at any race, he mixes sailmaking with sailing. He spends much of his time helping skippers with their sails. He makes mental notes—so his friend Collins says—on how the next sail for that particular boat should be cut.

A lot of faith

In 1949 Hood was a year away from graduation at Wentworth Institute in Boston. He decided to try sailmaking full time. His total resources were himself, one stitcher and a lot of faith. The first sails were laid out in a room over a tavern in a building picturesque even by Marblehead standards. It was located on State Street, one of the town's narrow, hilly and cobbled streets. When he started making money, Ted moved to a larger place a few feet from the ocean down on Marblehead's craggy, rock-laden Little Harbor. Here he set up looms to weave his own cloth. He doesn't think that anyone can make cloth the way he wants it, so he weaves his own—the only sailmaker in the world who does.

As Hood's skills became known, so did his sailing. In 1961 he took the first of four consecutive titles in the elite Marblehead International.

In 1956, during his preparations for the U.S. Olympic trials, Hood practically deserted sailmaking. He and Collins and Don McNamara, a hot racer in the Boston-to-Marblehead area, persuaded well-known Marblehead architect Ray Hunt to plan a new 5.5-meter, *Quixote*, for expenses only. Hood employed a local carpenter who used the same tools his grandfather used in building the old Bedford whalers. *Quixote* did supremely well in the trials and, to win Hood needed only to finish better than last in the final, deciding race. Midway in the course a shackle parted and the sail on Hood's boat dropped into the cockpit. He finished last.

"It was depressing," said Hood afterward, "to sit there and try to figure out what to do."

Imperishable shipper

Hood seldom seems ruffled. He sits at the helm with a small smile on his face, watching the sails and the wind. Collins recalls one race when Ted was in the lead but the time limit was running out fast, and the wind was dying just as fast. As the boat inched for the finish, two of the crew, a married couple inexperienced in sailing, walked athwart about, knocking the wind out of the sails and throwing the boat off balance. Hood said nothing, showed no temper and won the race with 20 seconds to spare under the time limit.

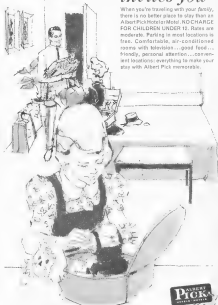
This is the same quality that enabled Hood, a week after what should have been the shattering experience of losing an Olympic berth by mishap, to successfully enter the preliminaries for the North American sailing title. He squeaked ahead in the final and became the 1956 North American sailing champion. "It was a drifting match," he recalls, "but we won."

George O'Day, who imports and builds popular-size racing craft, and Hood raced against each other last year in the 1960 Olympic trials in what Yachting Columnist Leonard Foxe called "one of yachting's great all-time competitions." Hood and O'Day were one-two all the way for the 5.5-meter-class Olympic berth. In the last race they were only 37 Olympic points apart, the difference between fourth and fifth place. In the deciding moments Hood lost the race by a whisker.

He made no excuses. "It was a question of who beat who. Suppose

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Skipper from Scratch continued

"I'll give it another try in four years," said Ted.

In the meantime, Hood has been developing his third talent as a man of boats: designing. "I was always interested in building a boat," he told a visitor not long ago. "At 16 I was going to build a 40-footer, but I ended up hammering together a 12-foot dinghy."

"I'd just sketch away some nights," said Hood when asked how he conceived his first design for a big boat. He took the drawings to his engineer father, Steadman Hood, and the two of them came up with what Ted calls "just a good comfortable cruising boat." But Robie, a centerboard sloop, turned out to be more than that. In the 1939 Astor Cup she out-raced, boat for boat, all the entries in her division, all the boats in the next larger division, all but three in the next to largest, and four boats in the largest division. Her handicap easily gave Robie the over-all win.

Four Japanese "Robins"

Then Ted sold Robie and busied himself with new designs. Last summer he came up with not one, but four Robie-type boats, built for him in Japan. "Couldn't afford to waste the money on testing models," said Hood when asked why he wanted four. Translated, this meant he wanted to try various rigs, decide which was best and sell the others.

He put a yawl rig on one, named it Robie after his first design, and the week it was launched it took a first and a second in the Edgartown Regatta of Martha's Vineyard, and three firsts including the 1960 Astor Cup in the New York Yacht Club races. Back in Marblehead again, Robie finished first three more times. It almost made a chatterbox of Ted. "I was pleased to see her go so well," he said.

He is reticent about plans to market more Robie-type hulls and sails to go with them, meeting all questions with, "I guess I could..." and "I might if I sell these..."

Marbleheaders are betting that by the time his four boats are gone there will be others on the way and Hood will be solidly established as a boat designer. Their only question is whether he will want his own forest of wood, and his own sawmill. **END**

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March 27, 1961

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

From L. L. Callaway Jr.

Jumping The Gun

Gun-jumpers make life miserable for starters at track meets, but that kind of person atones for his sins by making life most pleasant for advertisers.

For example, the 800,000 U.S. families who got off the mark fast and bought 1961-model cars by December 15, 1960, must have been responsible for most of the smiles that have been smiled in Detroit during the past few months. And we are proud to point out that, according to a small survey our Market Research Department just completed, 95,000 of those 800,000 1961's-bought-in-1960 were bought by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**-subscribing families.

The families who read this magazine comprise about 1/50 of all the families in the U.S.—but they bought 1/9 of all those cars. If the rest of the U.S. had jumped the gun the way **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**-subscribing families did, Detroit would have had a 4,500,000-car 1961 (and the imports a \$00,000-car 1961) before 1961 even started!

Makes you sort of think, doesn't it?

I said, makes you sort of think, doesn't it? I mean, about the qualities of mind, spirit, and character that compel readers to do things like this, and enable them to afford it. And what there must be about this magazine that attracts such families to its pages.

Take another example. Right in this issue of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** you'll see an 8-page, 4-color advertisement placed by the General Development Corporation, for their beautiful new resort, the Peet St. Lucie Country Club. It's a completely new idea in pleasant, relaxed or sports-filled (as you wish) vacation life for the entire family. They chose to run this color insert first in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, and when you look at it, it's not hard to see why.

For when you fill out the insert card or the coupon and send it in, you're not thinking so much about the kind of homes available, or how easy it is to buy groceries, or even how much it's going to cost you.

(continued on other side)

(continued from preceding page)

You're thinking—or at least I'm thinking as I look at it—of all the **intangibles**: about living right on the 15th fairway; about taking the kids out for a sail and getting home for lunch, not at 4 p.m.; about being 5 minutes, door-to-door, from where the fish are—about being able to do just what you want to do for a whole month!

That's what the eight pages surround me with. And in a sense, isn't that what this entire magazine surrounds all its advertising with every week? The very atmosphere of promotion, of selling, should be one of well-being, of excitement, of color and competition and activity. That's the name of the game. And when you play it in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** ball park, all the pages, editorial and advertising, give your product that little pleasant extra push. Your advertising not just is in the right place, but it also **looks** like it's in the right place.

(If all this weren't so, why do so many good salesmen play good golf? Or have I been taken in by all these expense account sheets for all these years?)

Another thing I wanted to mention, in calling your attention to the Port St. Lucie Country Club insert—that it is running in our Eastern and Midwest **Regional** issues only. (The vagaries of production being what they are, you who are reading this on the West Coast may wonder what I am talking about, but they promised me you'd see it.)

If you know by experience that your clientele lives in certain geographical areas, one way to reach them without waste is to advertise in regional editions. And if you know that your clientele is also limited to certain **economic** areas, the best way to reach them is in the regional editions of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**.

Regional editions have made the big news in magazines over the past few months. This magazine was offering you regional editions when they were way uptown—seven years ago, to be exact. So if you're interested in the almost limitless possibilities of regional editions for advertisers with limited budgets, limited distribution, or limited objectives, remember you saw it here first. You can reach our Regional Ad Manager, Bill Marr, by calling LL 6-3346. (That "LL" isn't my initials—it's Time Inc.'s Direct Inward Dialing system. We were the first to have that, too.)

And just one more straw for this regional camel's back—except for **TV Guide**, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** carried **more** pages of regional advertising in 1960 than any other magazine in the U.S. There must be a reason.

Arno Johnson Revisited

A few weeks ago in these columns I left one of my particular heroes, Arno Johnson, almost in the middle of a sentence—which, if you remember, was from his National Industrial Conference Board report, "Selling to Tomorrow's Consumer."

The sentence was "At the end of 1960, we had a \$49 billion backlog of consumer needs and latent demand which, if activated into insistent sales demand, could create a 10% increase in sales in 1961-62."

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What followed in Mr. Johnson's report was an analysis of how much advertising would be needed to move this backlog and then give America the year-by-year growth in consumption necessary to match our vastly increasing productive capacity.

He calculated that between 1940 and 1960, advertising influence directed to consumers grew from \$2.1 billion to \$5.7 billion. By 1959, the total had grown to \$11.1 billion. And he says that "total advertising of about \$13 billion, or 17% above the 1959 investment, may be required to encourage the needed increase in living standards to between \$340 and \$350 billion of personal consumption in 1961."

For evidence that you will not be spending your hard-earned \$13 billion on unresponsive ground, may I now quote from one of my many distinguished alma maters, *Fortune*—the lead article in the March Business Roundup, "Roots beneath the Snow":

"Skimming the newspaper headlines, one might suppose that business was in the midst of a descending spiral. Actually, the reverse is in the making . . .

"The reason [that the economy has not picked up sooner] was the unforeseen severity of the winter weather, which slowed building projects and reduced construction payrolls. A hard winter likewise caused a bad drop in retail sales in January and an especially heavy drop in car sales. . . . The upturn has been delayed but is at hand, and it will be sharper because of the winter setback. Some builders will need to make up lost time, consumers may bunch deferred purchases, and some businessmen will rush orders to restock."

* * *

You will remember that I was reluctant to follow Arno Johnson's quote with one from anyone less distinguished—well, now all I have to do is go along in the alphabet and follow him with a few words from Mr. Robert E. Johnson, Senior Vice President for Sales and Advertising for United Air Lines, part of a speech he made to the MPA recently:

"We face the responsibility of expanding the 1960 market of 60 million airline passengers to a 1965 market of 100 million passengers. But we know that a great many people in this country are not prospects for air transportation. We know that our prospects, generally, should be in the area, income-wise, of \$6,000 a year and above. We know that half the family units in this country are below that minimum.

"That means we must first increase the frequency of use of air travel by those who travel by air today. And secondly, we must seek out those other millions of people who have the means to travel by air, but not yet the desire.

"When you apply the requirement of economic means, it occurs to me that magazines represent an extremely effective avenue of reaching that particular market."

Which is why I'm happy to observe that now reaching the SEVENTH ILLUSTRATED market (which actually holds 1 out of every 6 air travel cards in the whole U.S.) are 24 different air lines, including United, of course—resuming with us after a short hiatus—and American, a new advertiser this year.

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Two weeks ago I pointed out that along with the 1,690,000 adult readers of the 950,000 weekly copies of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, there were also 532,000 human beings aged 10-17 adding their own special brand of leverage to the living habits and purchases of this affluent adult market. If you've ever owned a teen-ager, if that's the right word for it, you know what I mean.

Here's how R. Carl Chandler, Board Chairman of Standard Packaging, expresses this teen-age leverage, in a recent ad of his in *Business Week*:

"The most dynamic consumers in the United States are teen-agers. Cosmetic makers look to this market for \$500 million worth of sales. Movie companies depend on the teen-age 11% of the population to fill half the nation's movie seats. Automobile and gasoline manufacturers draw a fifth of a billion dollars of sales from teen-age drivers.

"But their ten billions of direct spending is only one factor in the dynamism of the teen-age market. Equally important is the startling growth in the prospective number of teen-age consumers. By 1970 the number of our 15 to 19-year-olds will have increased by 63%....

"The teen-ager is a dynamic consumer because he is a trend-setter. Typically a teen-ager's parents are at peak earning capacity—and the adolescents in the family have an important voice in determining how that earning capacity shall be put to use.

"Last but not least, the teen-ager is influential because he is in the process of forming buying habits and merchandise preferences which he will shortly exercise as an adult buyer. Today's teen-age shopper, reader of ads, and tester of products, is tomorrow's junior executive, skilled worker or young housewife—with an income 1,000% larger than today's allowance."

Statistics show that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has more adult male readers per copy aged 25 and over than any but three other magazines: *U.S. News*, *Argosy*, and *Mechanix Illustrated*. Approximately 1,030,000 adult males read the 950,000 weekly copies of SI. So do nearly 850,000 adult females. But we can think of mighty few subjects that interest the entire family more than sport—and so if you feel more than half a million extra pairs of eyes also staring at your advertising in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, relax and enjoy it. They probably are.

Pete Collaway
Advertising Director



Shovel-top new Rambler American Deluxe 2-Door Sedan, shown, is America's lowest priced car.

Rambler Excellence gives you top quality - at lowest price

50% more trunk room in sedans,
29% more cargo space in wagons, result
of smart styling
for function,
not frills.



Rambler started the trend to compact
cars and rattleproof Single-Unit
construction. Leads the battle against
rust with exclusive Deep-Dip rustproofing.



The New World Standard of Basic Excellence

Rambler

Three Rambler Sizes to Meet Every Purpose—and Help Every Purse

**Unchallenged economy
king.** Rambler American
Custom won Compact
Class and Highest
gas mileage honors
in 1960 Mobilgas
Economy Run.



**World's First! New Ceramic-
Armored** muffler at tailpipe will
be repaired or replaced without
charge by a Rambler
dealer, if it is
defective in materials
or workmanship,
for life of car
while original
buyer owns it.



Most Eivable Interiors.
Individual sectional sofa front seats,
reclining seat backs to
make Travel Beds (optional extra).

Styling continuity
that avoids "annual
styling obsolescence"
keeps Rambler resale value
officially,
consistently
high.



Now for '61! Rambler American 4-Door Wagon

Car Illustrated
\$1845

Rambler's suggested delivered
price at Ramsey, Wisconsin, for Ram-
bler American Deluxe 2-Door Sedan,
shown above. State and local taxes, li-
cense, white colored body, 14000 paint
and other optional equipment, extra.

You get a lot
to like with
a Marlboro

—the filter
cigarette with
the unfiltered
taste

*King-size soft pack or Flip-Top box
—both have the exclusive Selectate filter*

*Why don't you settle back
and have a full-flavored smoke?*

